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CLOSBY'S

Caledonian Musical Repository,

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SCOTCH SONGS,

WITH THE MUSIC

[illegible]

VOICE, VIOLIN, AND GERMAN FLUTE

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Brief

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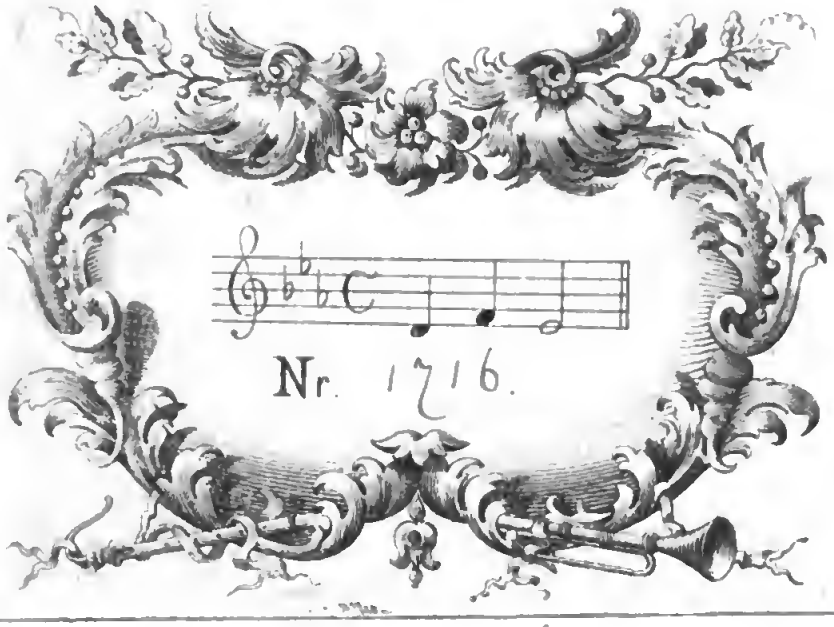

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FRONTISPIECE
to Crosby's Caledonian Musical
REPOSITORY.

E.Mitchell f.

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies.

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CROSBY'S

CALEDONIAN Musical Repository:

A choice SELECTION of Celebrated

Scottish Songs,

Adapted for the Voice, Violin, and GERMAN FLUTE.

J. Mitchell Sc.

LONDON

Printed for B. Crosby & Co. *Stationers Court & Sold by all Book & Music Sellers. Where may be had Printed uniform the English and Irish Musical Repository.*

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THE

CALEDONIAN

Musical Repository:

A

CHOICE SELECTION

OF ESTEEMED

SCOTTISH SONGS,

ADAPTED FOR

The Voice, Violin, and German Flute.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER & BOYD, CALEDONIAN PRESS,
NETHERBOW.

1811.

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KONINKLIJKE BIBLIOTHEEK

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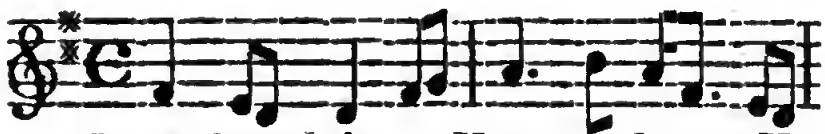
THE

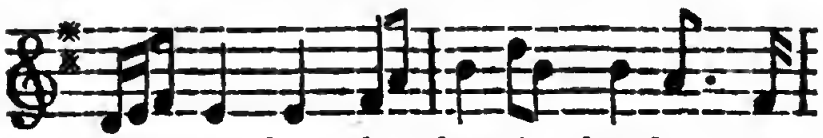
CALEDONIAN

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

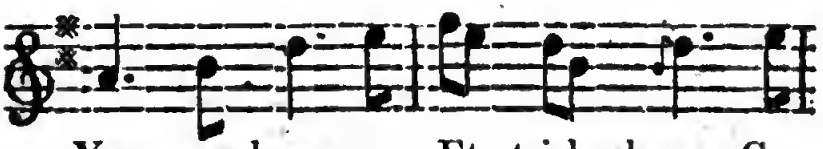
BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.



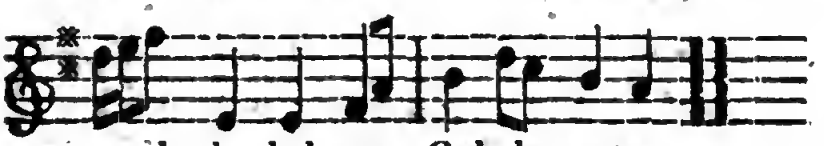
Braw, braw lads, on Yar-row braes, Ye



wan-der thro' the blooming heather; But



Yar-row braes, nor Et-trick shaws, Can



match the lads on Gal-la water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
  Aboon them a' I loe him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
  The bonny lad o' Galla water.

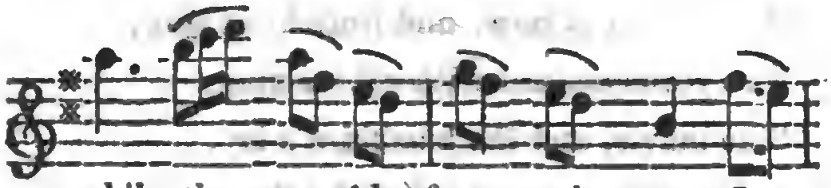
Although his daddy was nae laird,
  And though I hae nae muckle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
  We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was gold, it ne'er was wealth,
  That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
  O! that's the choicest warld's treasure.

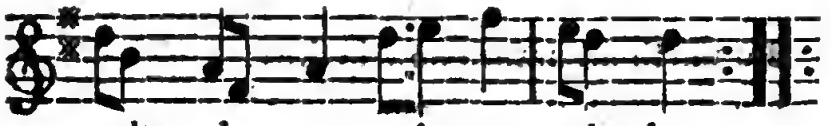
THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In-

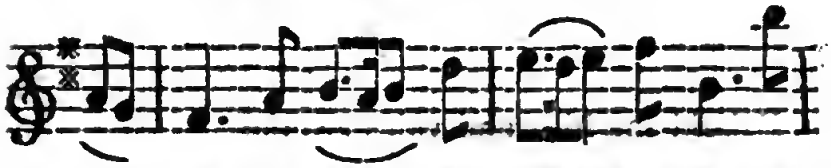
vite the tune-ful birds to sing, And



while they war-ble from each spray, Love-

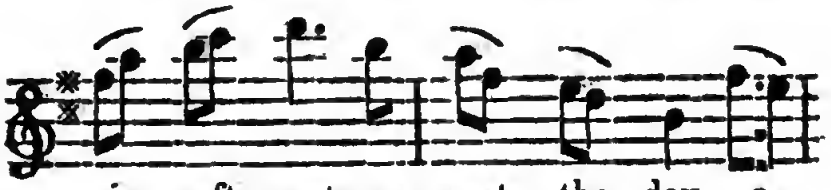


melts the u - - ni - ver - sal lay.



Let us, A - man - da, time-ly wise, Like

them improve the hour that flies, And



in soft raptures waste the day, a-

mang the birks of In - ver - may.

The lav'rocks now, and lintwhites sing;
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The mavis, and the blackbird's lay,
In tuneful strains do glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer suits;
To mirth all nature now invites:
Let us be blythesome then, and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees, with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;

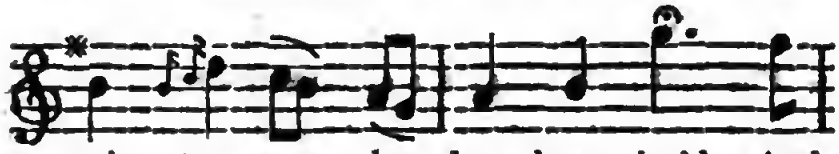
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

But soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lovely bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

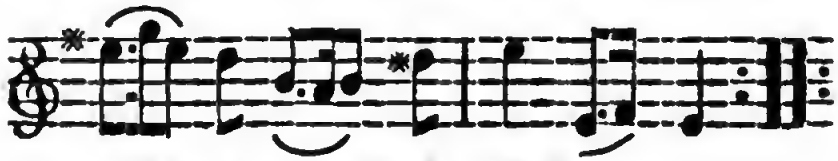
MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows, 'Mang

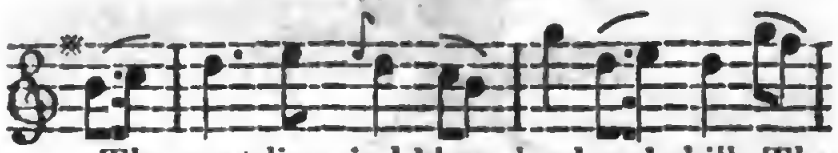
muirs and moss - es ma - ny, O, The



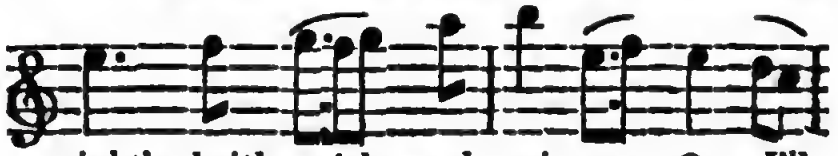
win - try sun the day has clos'd, And



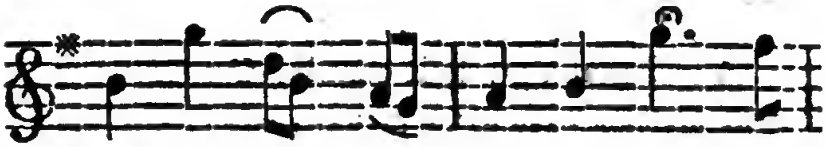
I'll a - - wa to Nan-nie, O.



The west-lin wind blaws loud and shill, The



night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O; I'll



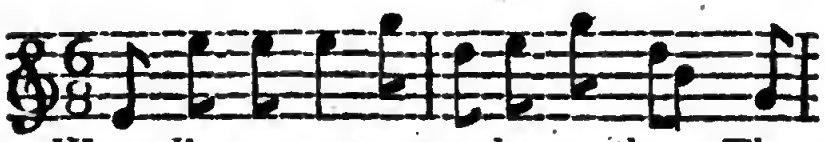
My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warld's gear ne'er fashes me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive cannie, O,
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

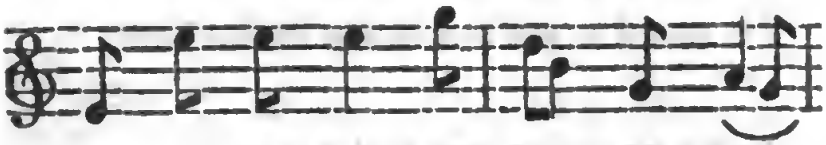
TODLEN BUTT, AND TODLEN BEN.



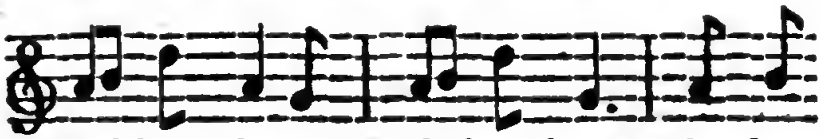
When I've a saxpence under my thum, Then

I'll get cre-dit in ilk- a town: But

ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by; O!



po - ver - ty parts good com - pa - - ny.



Tod-len hame, tod - len hame, Coudna

my love come tod - - len hame?

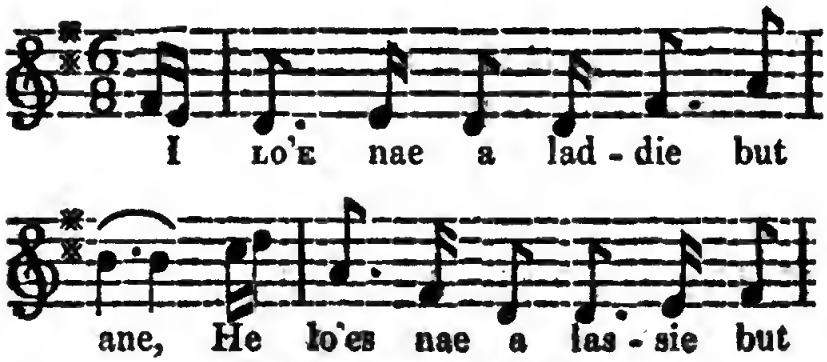
Fair-fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',
We'll take a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

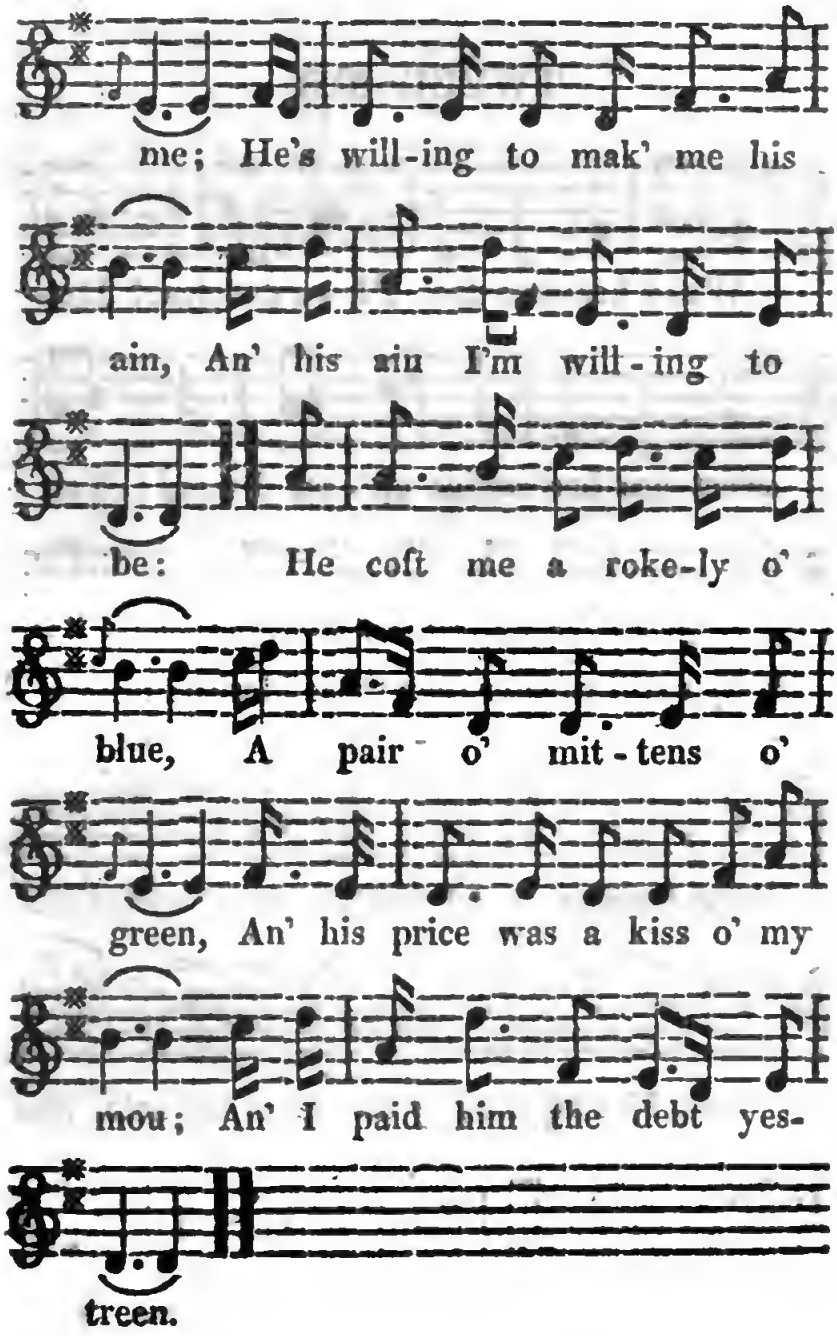
My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed feet;

And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

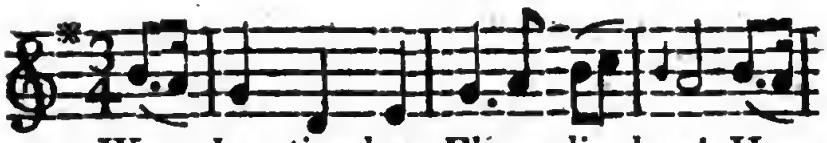
Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That's a blyth sight to the bairnies and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE.

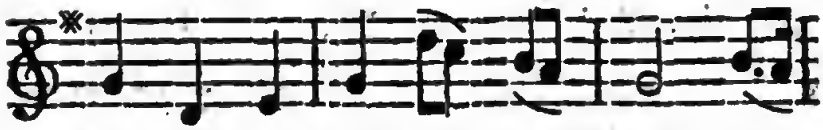



me; He's will-ing to mak' me his
ain, An' his ain I'm will-ing to
be: He coft me a roke-ly o'
blue, A pair o' mit-tens o'
green, An' his price was a kiss o' my
mou; An' I paid him the debt yes-
treen.

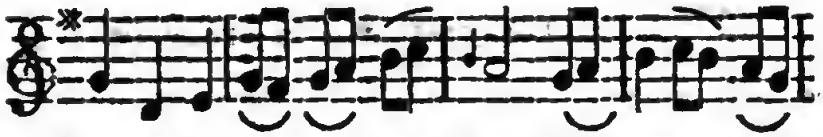
TWEEDSIDE.



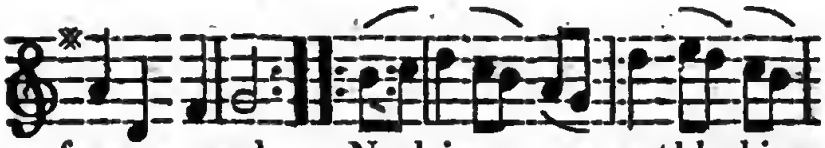
WHAT beauties does Flo-ra dis-close! How



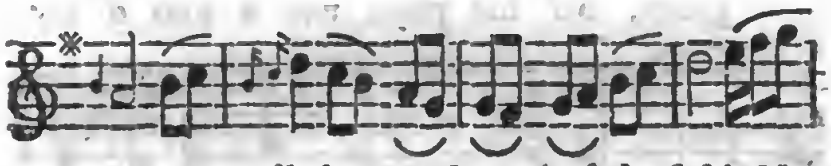
sweet are her smiles up - on Tweed! Yet



Mary's still sweeter than those, Both nature and

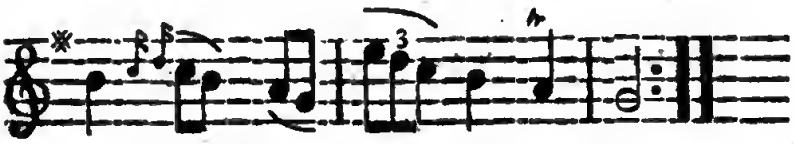


fancy exceed. No daisey, nor sweet blushing



rose, Not all the gay flowers of the field, Not

Tweed glid-ing gent-ly thro' those, Such



beau - ty and plea-sure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

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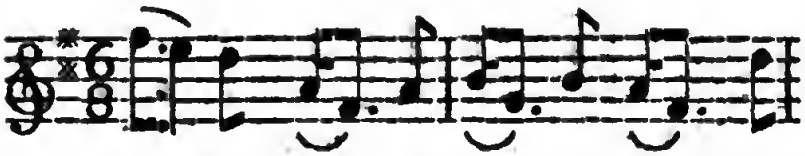
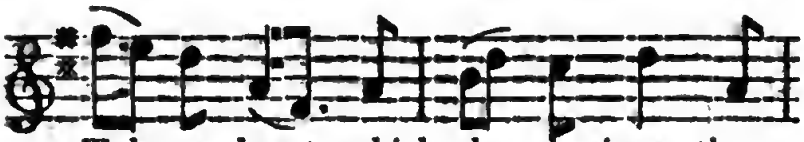
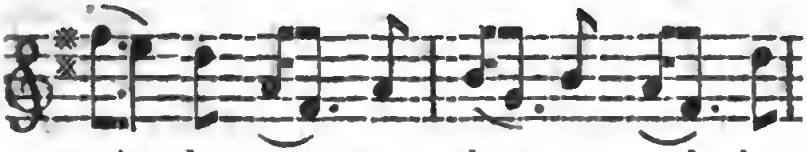
SWEETEST MAY.



SWEETEST May, let love in-spire thee;



Take a heart which he de-signs thee:

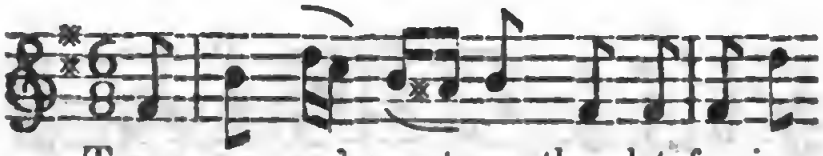


As thy con - stant slave re - gard it;

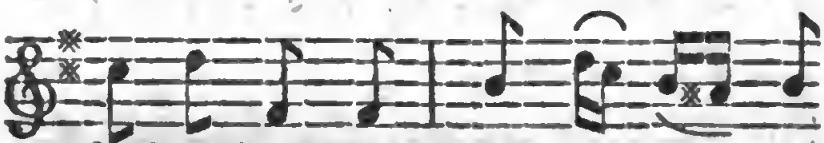
For its faith and truth re-ward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonny,
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

CALEDONIA.

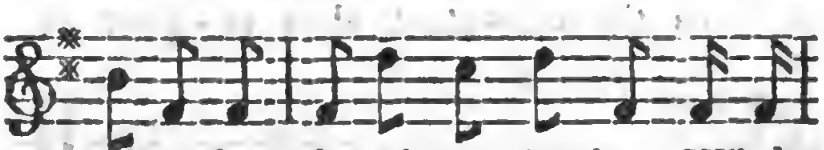


THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles, let foreign

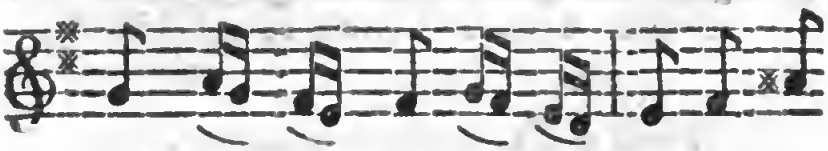


lands reckon, Where bright beam-ing sum-

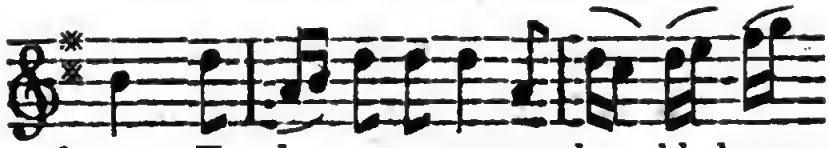
mers exhale their perfume; Far dear-er to



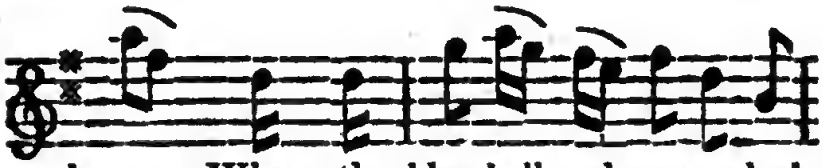
me yon lone glen of green brecken, Wi' the



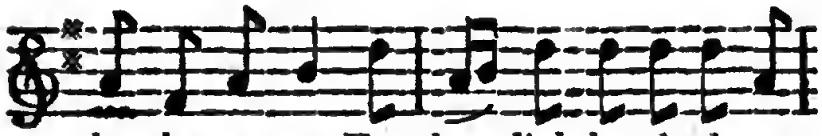
burn steal-ing un-der the lang yel-low



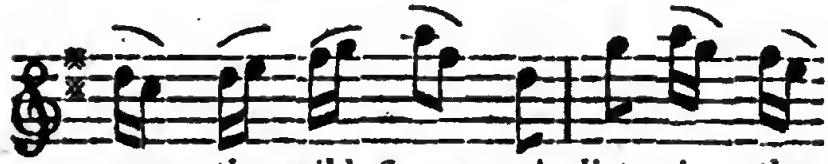
broom. Far dear-er to me yon hum-ble broom



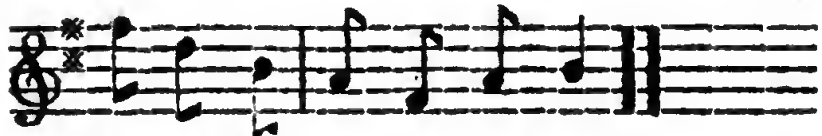
bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk



low-ly unseen; For there lightly tripping, a-



mang the wild flowers, A-list-ning the

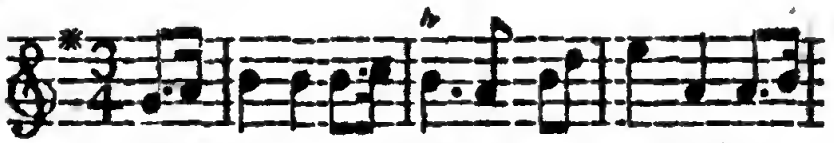


lin-net, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze, in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

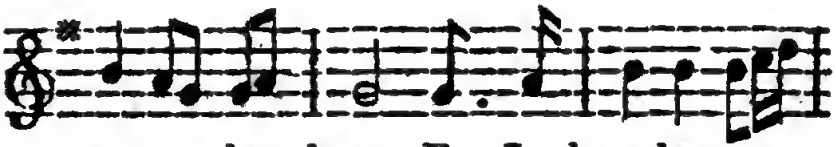
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.



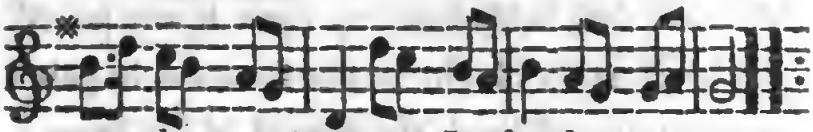
FAREWELL to Loch-aber, and farewell my

Jean, Where heart-some with thee I hae

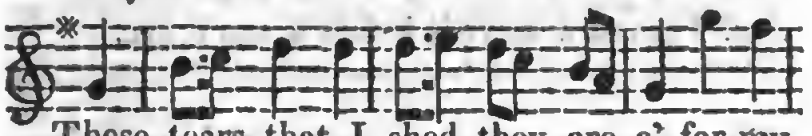


mo-ny days been; For Loch-a-ber no

more, Loch-a--ber no more, We'll

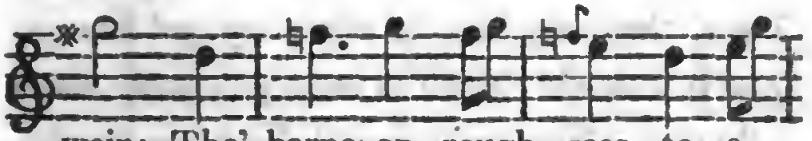


may-be re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more.

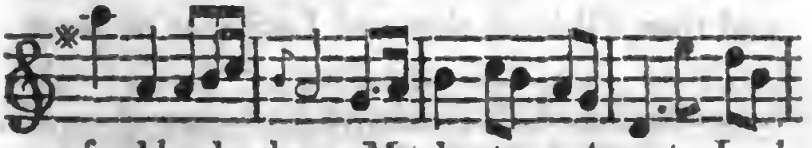


These tears that I shed they are a' for my

dear, And no for the dangers at-tending on



weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a



far bloody shore, Maybe to re-turn to Loch-

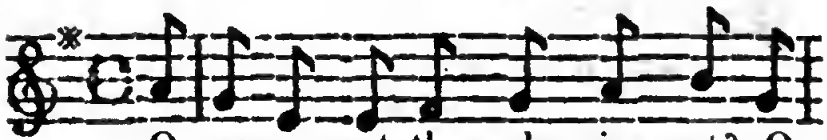
a-ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

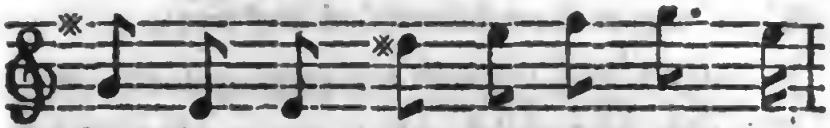
Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my lass, to win glory and fame,
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

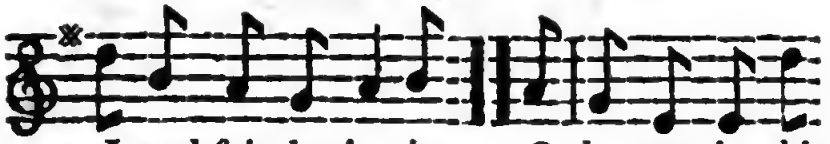


O LAS-SIE, art thou sleep-ing yet? Or

art thou wak-in, I would wit; For



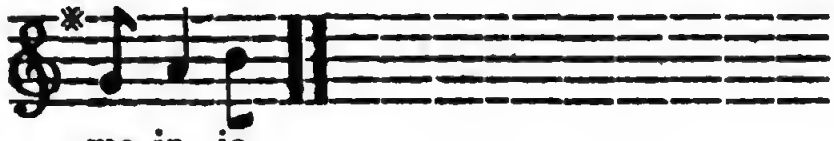
love has bound me hand and fit, And



I wad fain be in, jo. O let me in this

ae night, This ae, ae, ae night, For

pi-ty's sake, this ae night, O wad ye let



me in, jo.

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I came, this dark and dreary hour,
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pouring storm, jo.
O let me, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate you cam again;
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flow'r that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maids the lesson read,
The weird may be their ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman, say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

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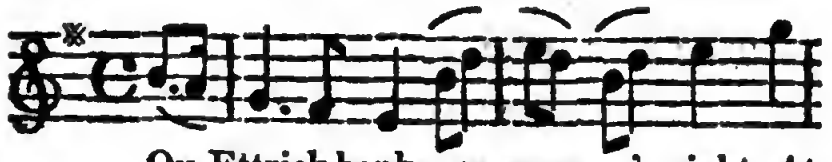
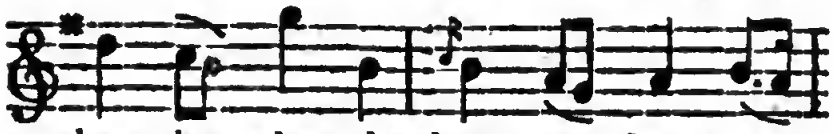
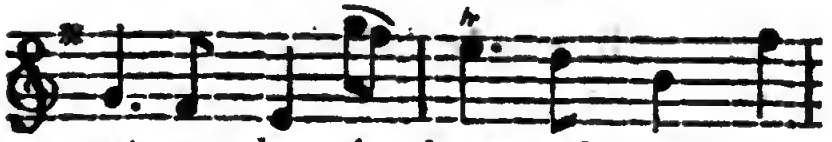
ETTRICK BANKS.



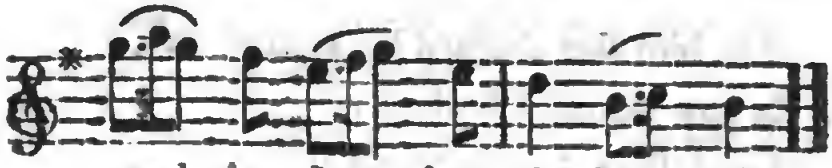
On Ettrick banks, ae summer's night, At



gloam-ing when the sheep came hame, I



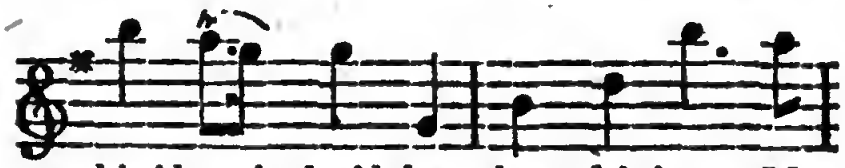
met my las - sie, braw and tight, Come



wad - ing bare - foot a' her lane:

My heart grew light; I ran, and flang My

arms a - bout her li - - ly neck, I



kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang, My

words they were na mo-ny feck.

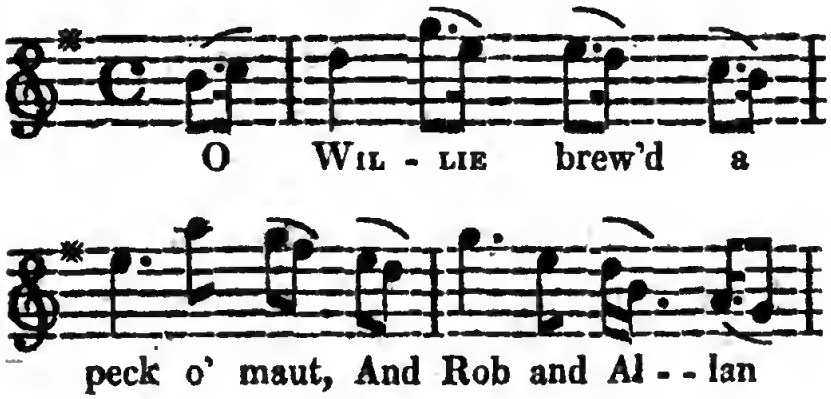
I said, My lassie, will ye gang
  To the Highland hills, some Earse to learn?
And I'll gie thee baith cow and ewe,
  When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
  And herrings at the Broomilaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
  There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day when we hae wrought enough,
  When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
  At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
  And thus the weary night we'll end,

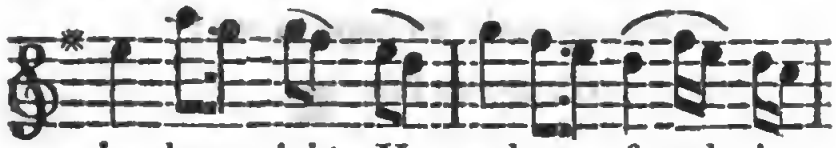
Till the tender kid, and lamb-time, bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my simmer bield.
There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

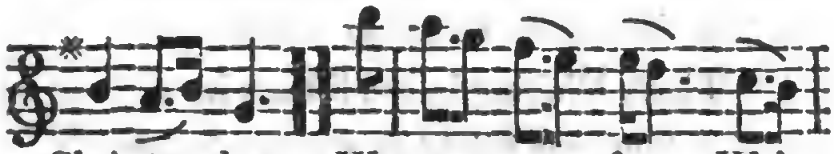
WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.



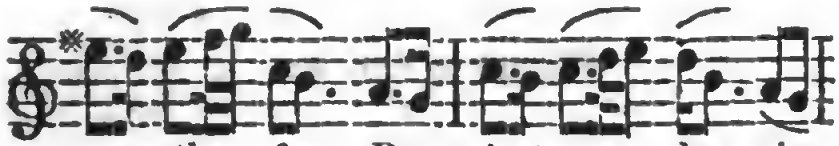
cam to pree; Three bly-ther hearts, that



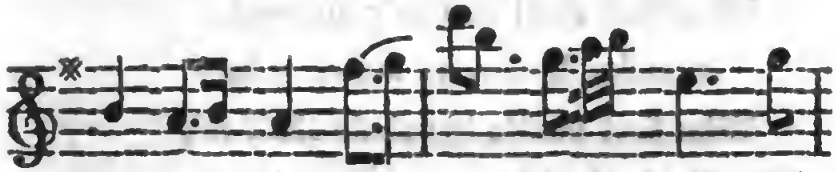
lee-lang night, Ye wad na found in



Chris-ten-dee. We are na fou, We're

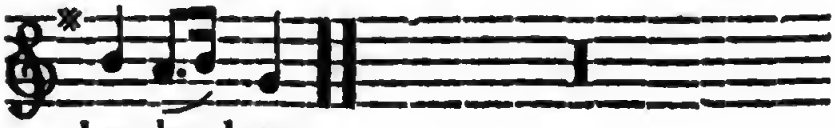


nae that fou, But just a drap-pie



in our e'e; The cock may craw, The

day may daw, Yet ay we'll taste the



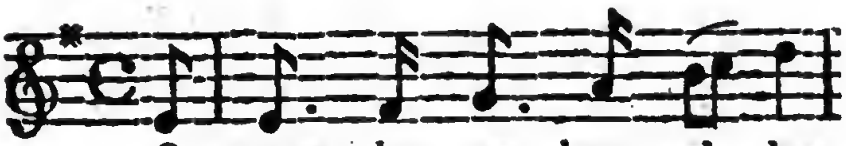
bar-ley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to see!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame;
But, by my sooth! she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, cowart lown, is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

THE LAMMY.

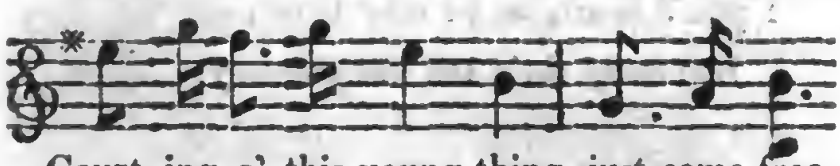


O WHARE hae ye been a' day,

My boy Tammy? Whare hae ye been a' day,

My boy Tammy? I've been by burn and

flow'ry brae, Meadow green, and mountain grey,



Court-ing o' this young thing, just come frae

her mam-my.

And whare gat ye that young thing,
  My boy Tammy?
And whare gat ye that young thing,
  My boy Tammy?
I gat her down on yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
  For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the young thing,
  My boy Tammy?
What said ye to the young thing,
  My boy Tammy?
I prais'd her een sae bonny blue,
Her dimpl'd cheek, and cherry mou';
I prie'd it aft, as ye may trow;
  She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating breast;
  "My young, my smiling lammy;"
I held her to my beating breast;
  "My young, my smiling lammy,

" I hae a house, it cost me dear,
" I've walth o' penishin and gear,
" Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair,
" Gin ye will leave your mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face;
" I manna leave my mammy;"
The smile gade aff her bonny face;
" I manna leave my mammy;
" She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
" She's been my comfort a' my days;
" My daddy's death brought mony waes;
" I canna leave my mammy."

" We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain,
" My ain kind-hearted lammy;
" We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain,
" My ain kind-hearted lammy;
" We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
" We'll be her comfort a' her days;"
The wee thing gies her hand, and says,
" There! gang and ask my mammy."

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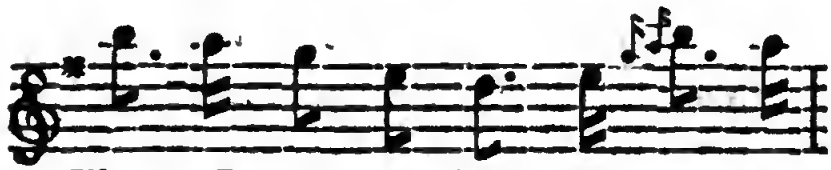
Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,—
But oh! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

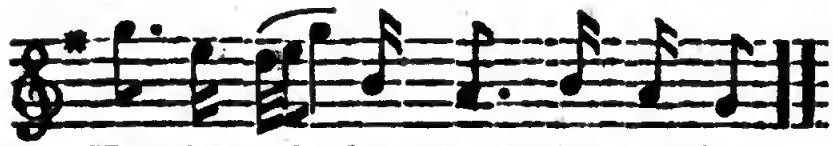
O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Com-ing thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-

mang the bon-ny bloom-ing hea-ther,

There I met a bon-ny las-sie,





Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

C

O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' her sang
Was, o'er the muir amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
And ay the burden o' her sang
Was, o'er the muir amang the heather.

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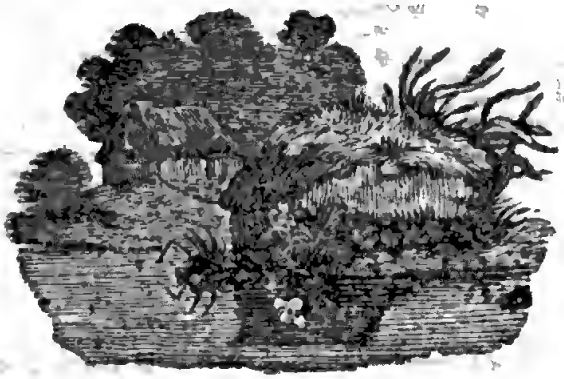
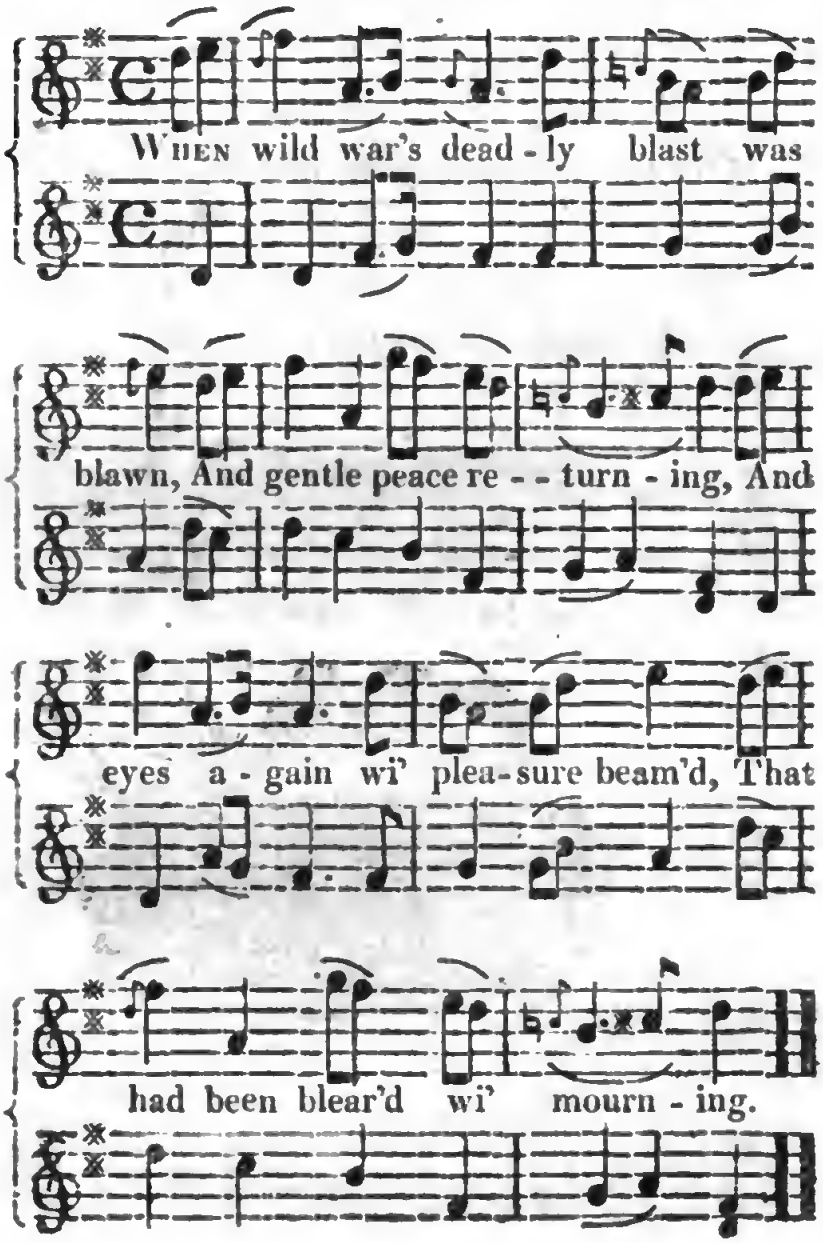
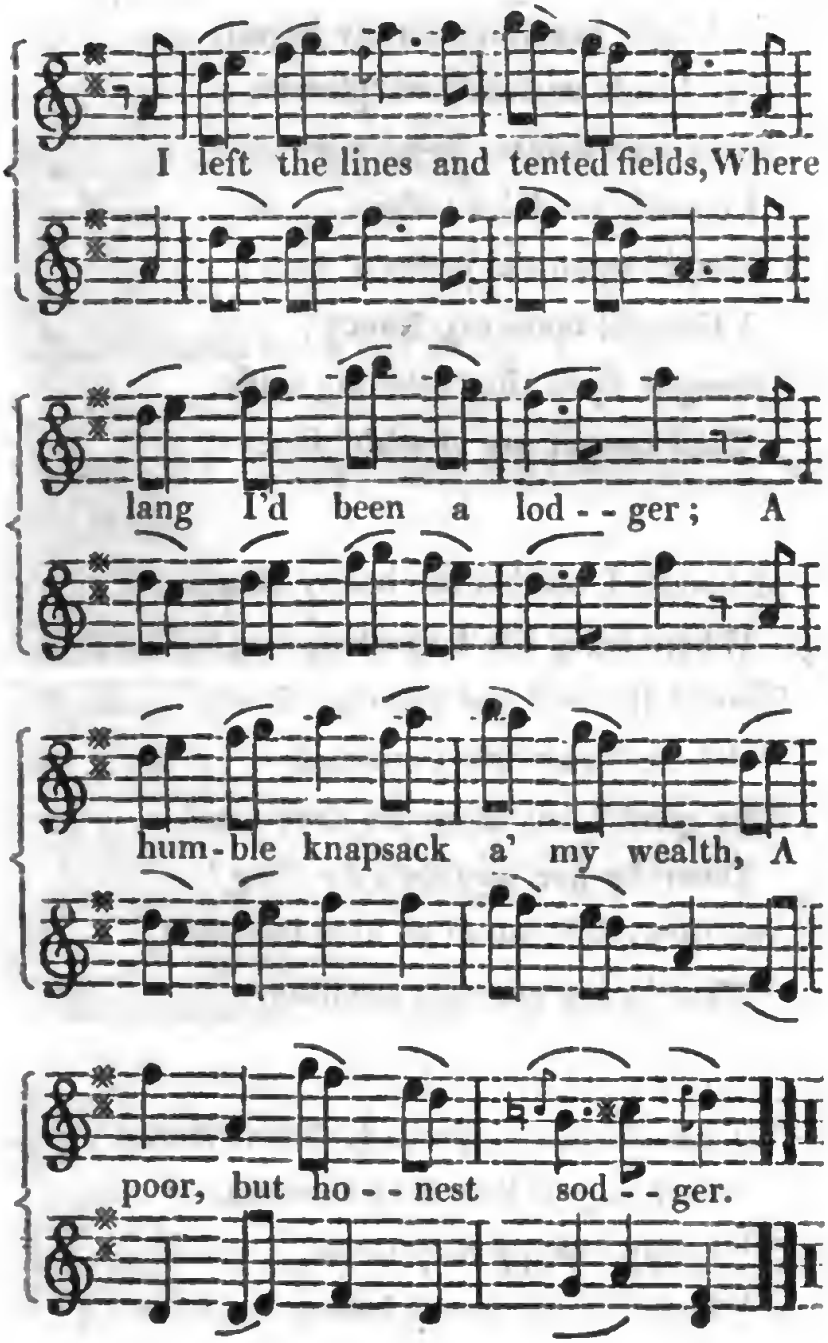
She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne,
I cou'd na think on ony ither:
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.
O'er the muir amang the heather,
O'er the muir amang the heather;
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
The bonny lass amang the heather.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.




I left the lines and tented fields, Where
lang I'd been a lod - - ger; A
hum - ble knapsack a' my wealth, A
poor, but ho - - nest sod - - ger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
And to dear Scotia, hame again,
I cheerly on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil;
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the 'witching smile,
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
  Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
  Tak pity on a sodger.

See wistfully she gaz'd on me,
  And lovelier grew than ever;
Quoth she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
  Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
  Ye freely shall partake o't:
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
  Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,
  Syne pale like ony lily,
She sunk within my arms, and cried,
  Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
By him who made yon sun and sky,
  By whom true love's rewarded,
I am the man!——and thus may still
  True lovers be rewarded.

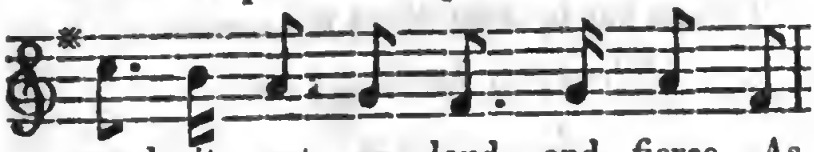
The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And, mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
Come then, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember, he's your country's stay,
In day and hour o' danger.

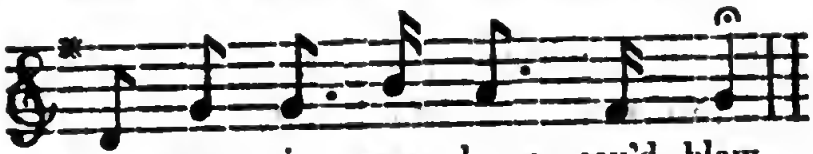
THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I a - - ble to rehearse, My

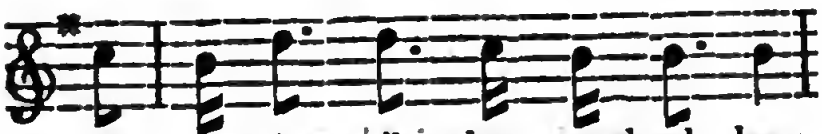
ew - ie's praise in pro - per verse, I'd



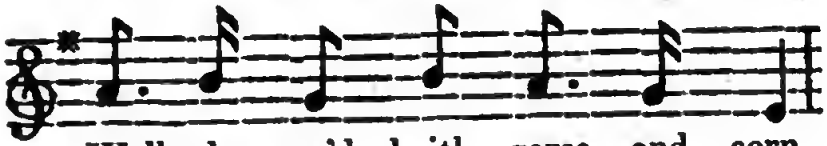
sound it out as loud and fierce, As



e - - ver pi - - pers drone cou'd blaw.

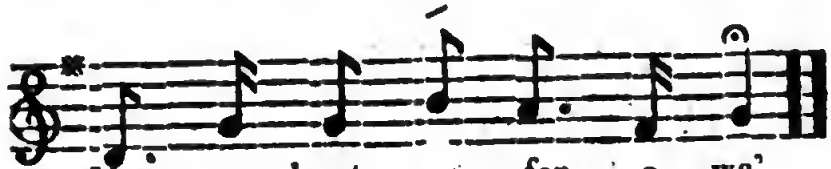


The ew - ie wi' the crook-ed horn



Well de - serv'd baith garse and corn

Sic a ew - - ie ne'er was born,



Here - a - bout, or far a - wa'.

I neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark upo' her hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by amo' them a'.
The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keeped ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead nor ca'.
The ewie, &c.

Nae cauld nor hunger e'er her dang,
Nor win' nor rain cou'd e'er her wrang;
For anes she lay, a hale week lang,
Aneath a drearie wreathe o' snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When ither ewes they lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn-yard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A better, nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man cou'd weel hae wist,
For, bonny thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock,
And now the laddie has a flock,
O' mair than thirty head to ca'.
The ewie, &c.

The neist I gae to Jean, and now
The bairn's sae bra', has fauld sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even' for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
If the beastie bade awa'.
The ewie, &c.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
I' canna' speak it without greeting,
A villain came, when I was sleeping,
An' staw my ewie, horn and a'.
The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down beneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn ;
But, ah ! my ewie was awa'.
The ewie, &c.

But gin I had the lown that did it,
I've sworn and ban'd, as weel as said it,
Tho' a' the world shou'd forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thraw.
The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
As this since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Poor silly ewie ! stown awa.'
The ewie, &c.

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.
The ewie, &c.

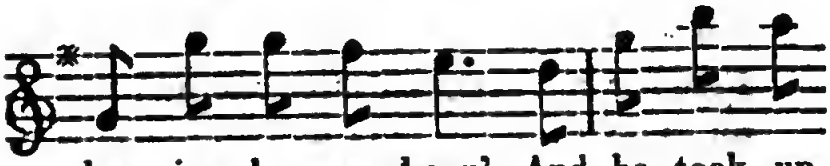
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and hers, sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
Had fair strae death tane her awa'.
The ewie, &c.

But this poor thing to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
I'm really fear'd that our gudewife
Sall never win aboon't ava.
The ewie, &c.

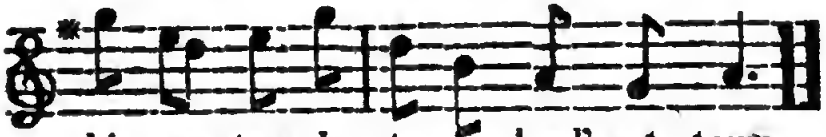
O a' ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
Ca' up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us, and fell'd and a'.
The ewie, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jol - ly beg-gar, and a

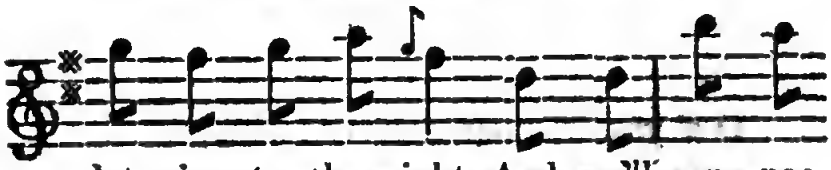


beg-ging he was boun', And he took up

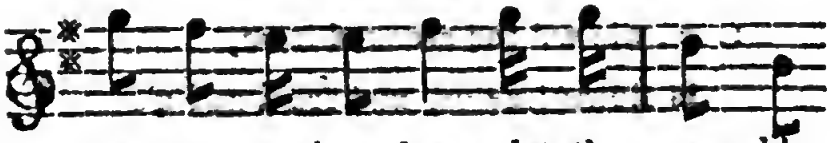


his quarters in - to a land'-art town.

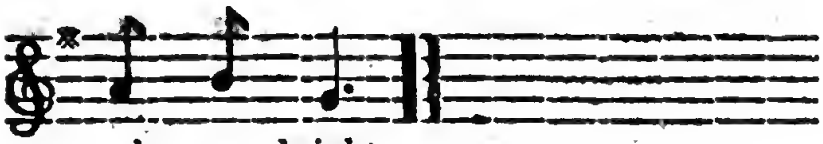
And we'll gang nae mair a rov - ing, Sae



late in - to the night, And we'll gang nae



mair a rov-ing, boys, let the moon shine



ne'er so bright.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' good clean
straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the gudeman's dochter, and for to bar
the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he
ran,—
O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our gudeman.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spak,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.
And we'll gang nae-mair, &c.

Are there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true;
What wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't! Are you the poor man?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the meal pocks, and flang them o'er the wa';
The d—l gae wi' the meal pocks, your ragged duds, and a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

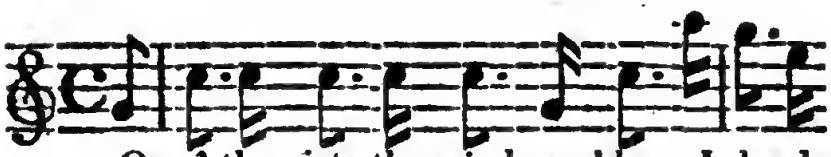
He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice fee.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

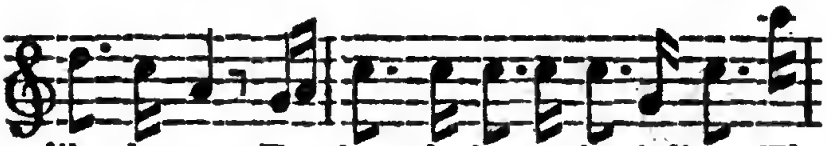
And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder
height:
O ay for sicken quarters as I got yesternight!
And we'll gang na mair, &c.

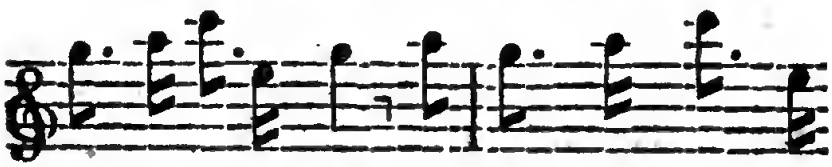
LOVELY JEAN.



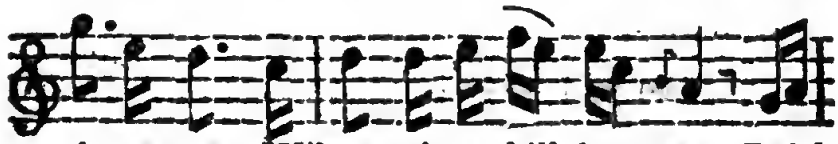
Or a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly



like the west, For there the bonny lassie lives, The



lass that I loe best: Tho' wild woods grow, and



rivers row, Wi' mo-nie. a hill between, Baith

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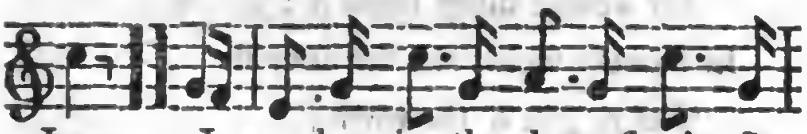
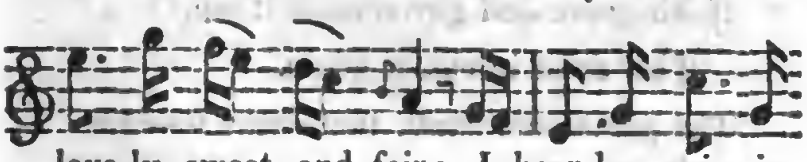
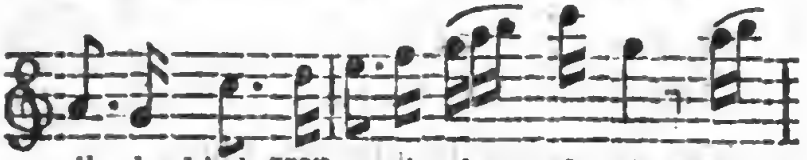
day and night, my fancy's flight Is e-ver wi' my



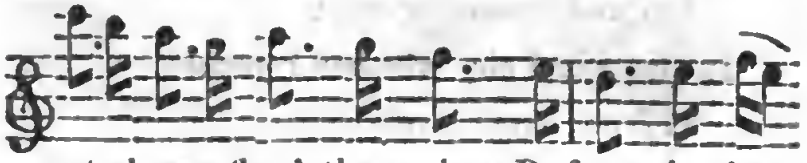
Jean. I see her in the dewy flow'r, Sae



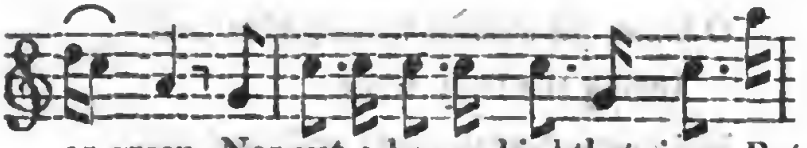
love-ly, sweet, and fair; I hear her voice in



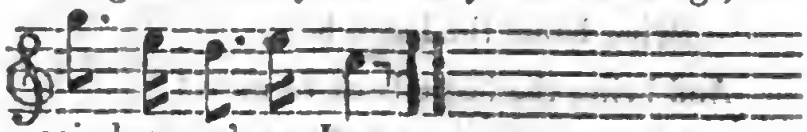
il - ka bird, Wi' music charm the air: There's



not a bonny flow'r that springs, By fountain, shaw,



or green, Nor yet a bonny bird that sings, But

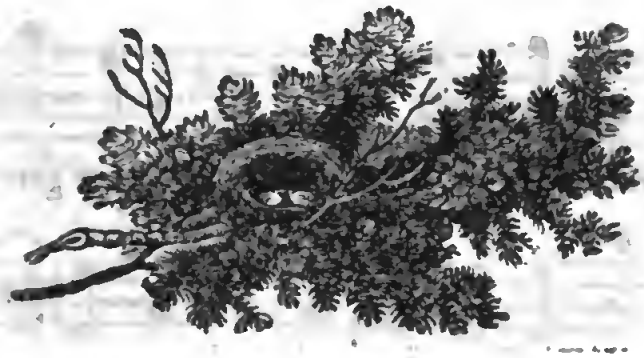


minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
  The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they hae put on,
  My Jeanie dings them a';
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
  The fairest o' the town;
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
  Tho' drest in russet gown.
The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
  Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, (if sic we ca't,)
  Except her love for me:
The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
  Is like her shining een;
In shape and air, wha can compare
  Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
  Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,
  Bring hame the laden bees,
And bring the lassie back to me
  That's ay sae neat and clean;

Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
  Sae lovely is my Jean.
What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
  Hae past atween us twa!
How fain to meet, how wae to part
  That day she gade awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
  To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
  As my sweet lovely Jean!



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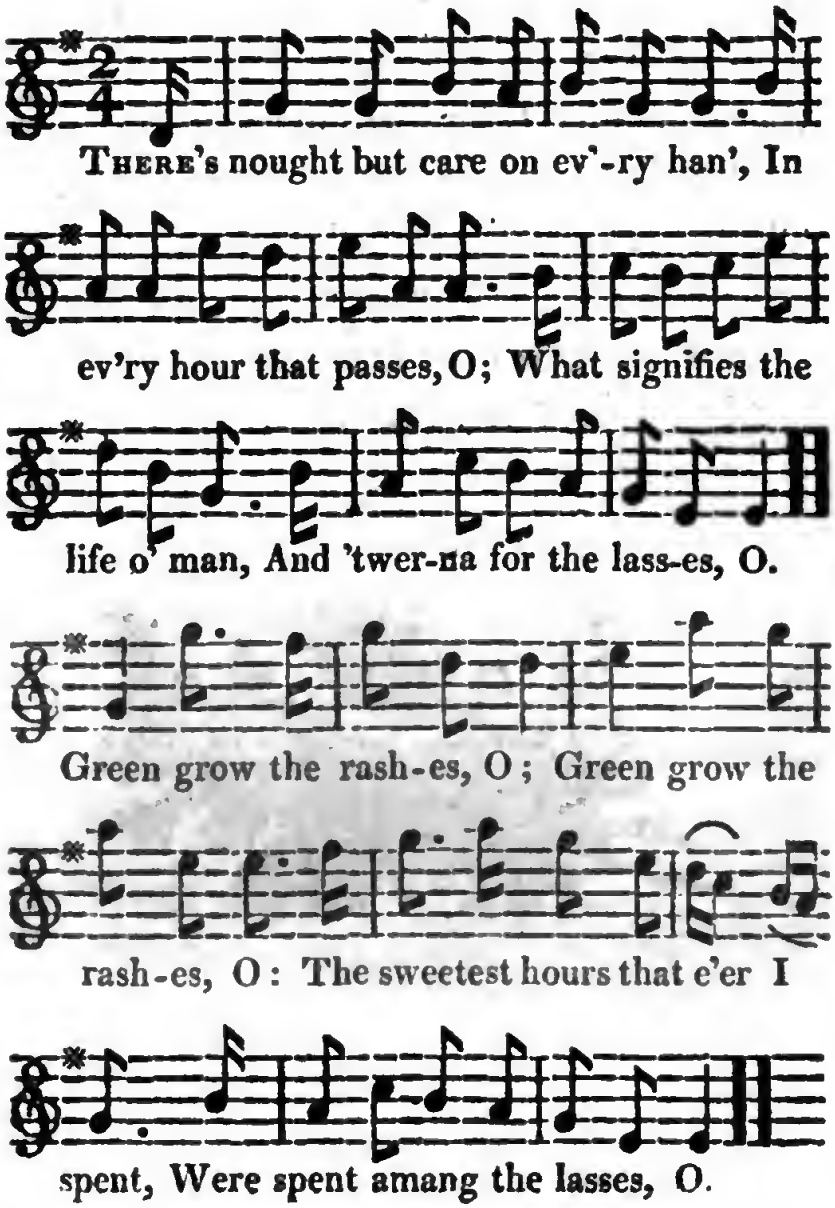
GREEN GROW THE RASHES.



The war'ly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O,
And tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

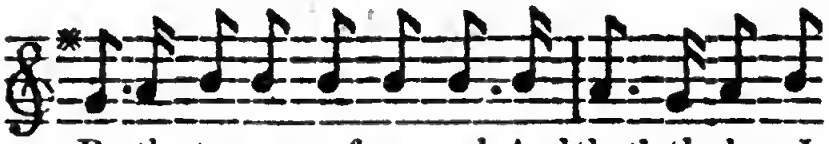
For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warld e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

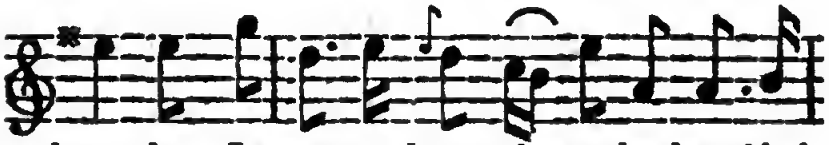
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WILT thou be my dearie, When sorrow wrings

thy gentle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee?

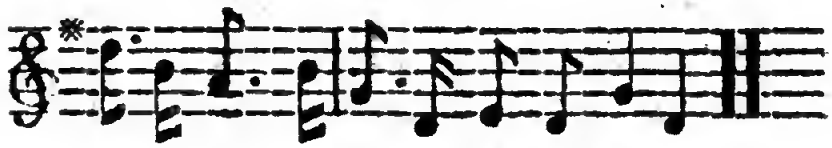


By the treasure of my soul, And that's the love I



bear thee, I swear and vow that only thou Shalt

e - ver be my dearie: I swear and vow that

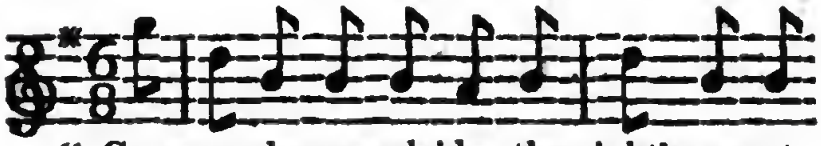


on-ly thou Shalt e-ver be my dearie.

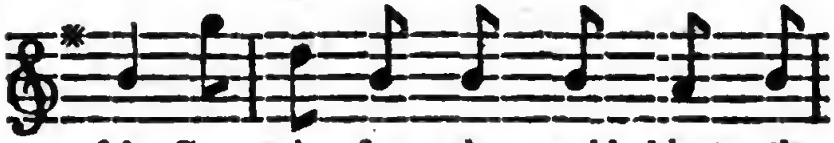
Lassie, say thou loes me;
And if thou winna be my ain,
O say na thou'lt refuse me.
If it manna, canna be,
That thou for thine may choose me,
Then let me, Jeanie, quickly die,
Ay trusting that thou loes me.

Flower of beauties, hear me,
And dinna treat me wi' disdain;
A' ither ills I fear na,
Gin thou wad only smile on him
Could part wi' life to please thee;
Of joys on earth I'll ask nae mair,
Gin thou wilt be my dearie.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

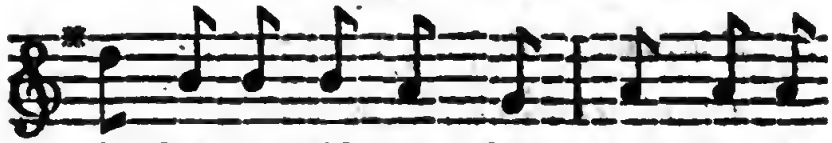


" Come un-der my plaidy, the night's gaun to



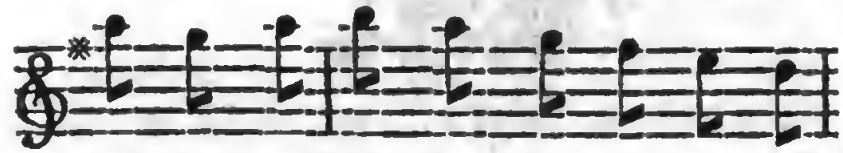
fa', Come in frae the cauld blast, the

drift, and the snaw; Come under my plaidy, and

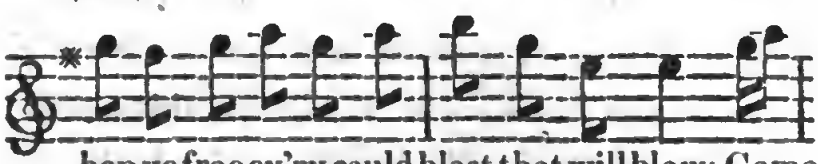


lie down be-side me, There's room in't, be-

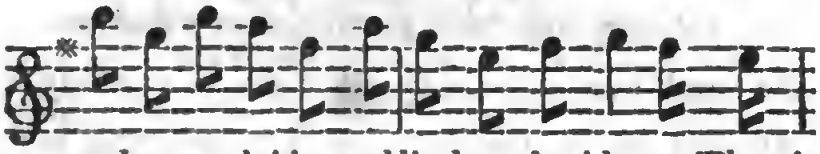
lieve me, dear lassie, for twa. Come under my



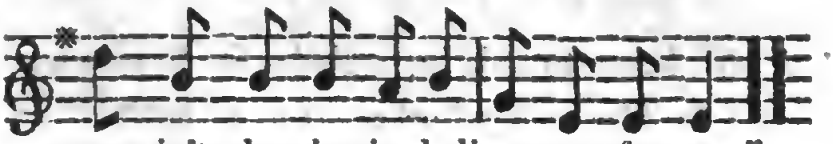
plai-dy, and lie down be-side me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw; Come



under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, There's



room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
'I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy—I'll no lie beside ye,
'Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae
'wa!
'I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's
'bonny,
'He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw;
'O there's nane dance sae lightly, sae graceful, sae
'tightly,
'His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the
'snaw.'

" Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
" Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
" The hale o' his pack he has got on his back:
" He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
" Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye ay finely;
" At kirk or at market they'll nane gang sae
" braw;
" A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
" And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

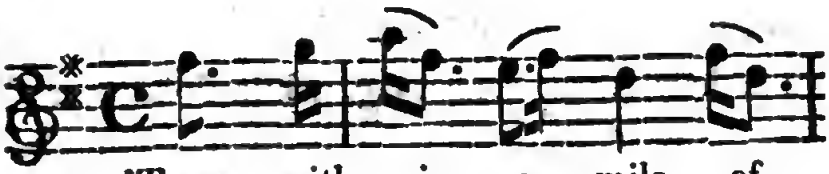
' My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
' Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
' It's true I loe Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
' But, wae's me, I ken he has naething ava!
' I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer;
' I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but
' sma';
' Sae gie me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
' I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and
' twa!'

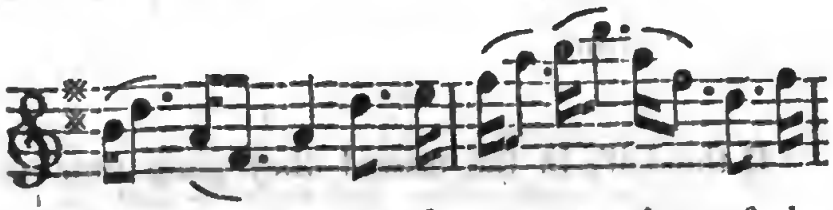
She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whare Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a';

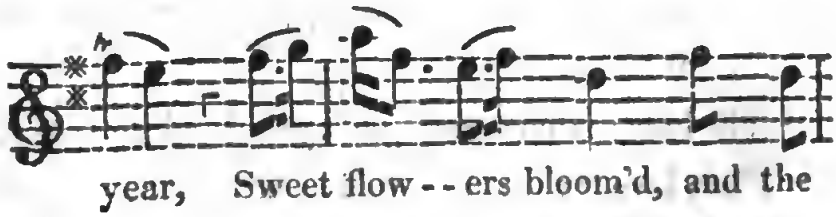
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cry'd,
" Women
" Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay
" braw.

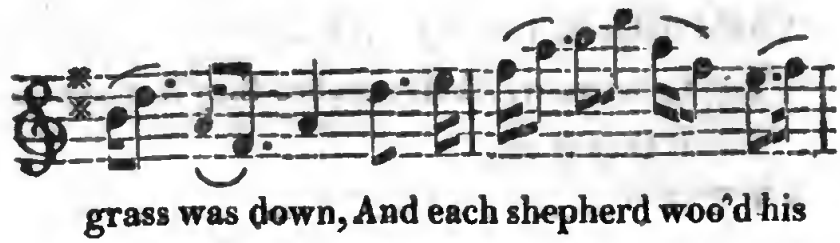
" O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae
" braw,
" They'll lie down wi' auld men o' threescore and
" twa;
" The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
" Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
" Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha ye marry,
" Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whup and
" they'll ca',
" Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu'
" and bonny,
" And they'll gie a horn on ilk haffet to claw."

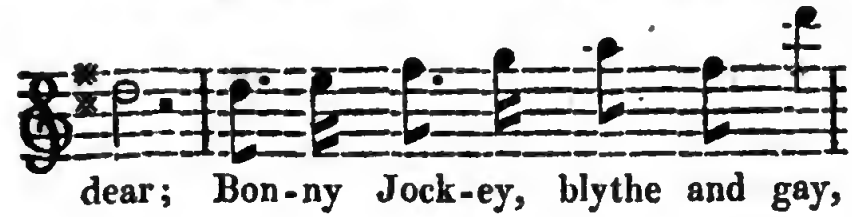
WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.



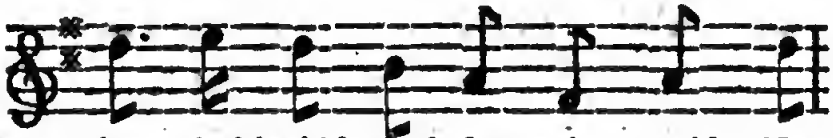




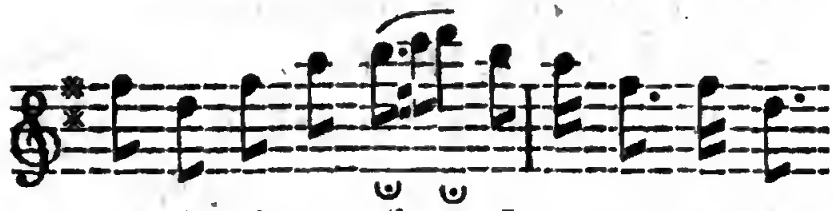




Kiss'd sweet Jen - ny mak - ing hay; The



las - sie blush'd, and frown-ing cry'd, Na,



na, it win - na do; I can-na, can-na,

win-na, win - na, man-na buckle to.

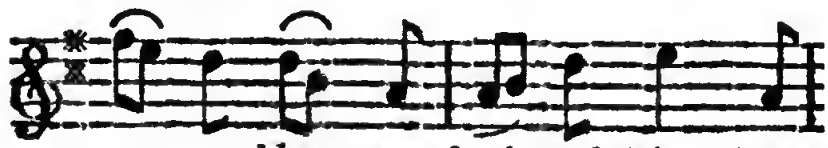
Jockey was a wag that never wad wed,
'Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass;
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At church she nae mair frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

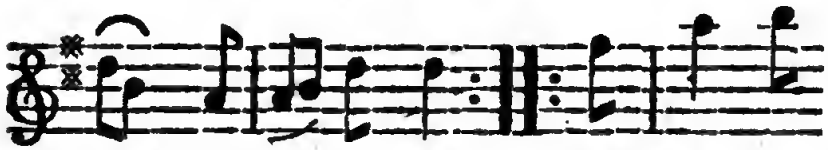
BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bon-ny Doon, How

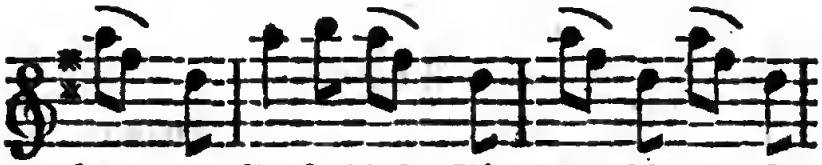


can you bloom sae fresh and fair? How

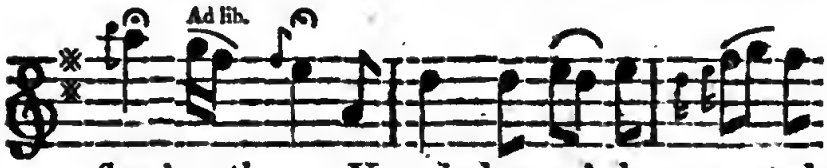
can ye sing, ye lit - tle birds, While I'm sae



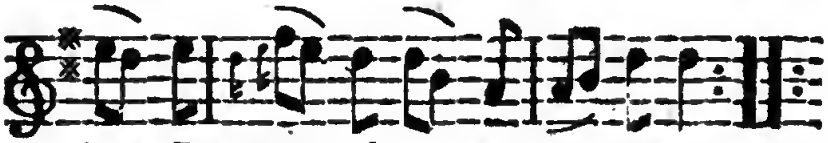
wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my



heart, ye lit-tle birds, That war-ble on the



flow'-ry thorn; Ye mind me o' de - - parted



joys, De - part-ed, ne-ver to return.

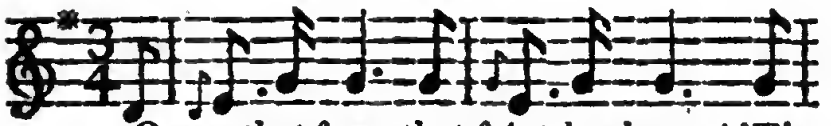
Aft hae I stray'd by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And hear ilk bird sing of its love,
As fondly sae did I of mine:

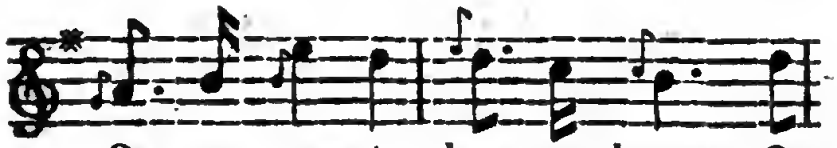
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Sae sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause love has stown the rose,
And left the sharpest thorn to me.

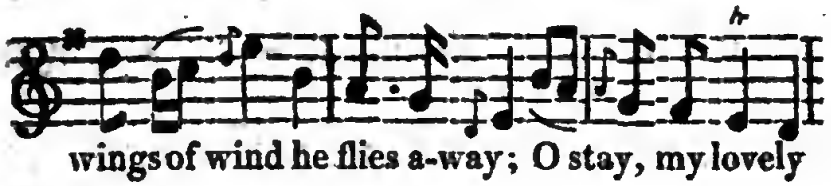
O blaw, ye flow'rs, your bonny bloom,
And draw the wild birds to the burn!
For Lumon promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me, should I mourn.
O na, na, na, ye needna bloom!
My een are dim and drowsy worn;
Ye bonny birds, ye needna sing,
For Lumon never will return.

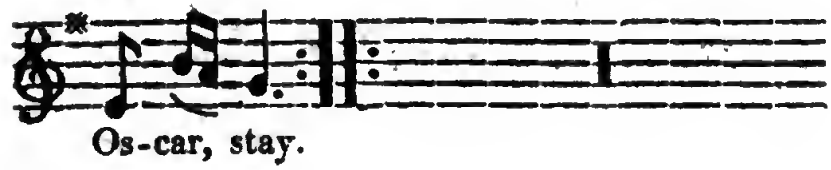
My Lumon's love, in broken sighs,
At dawning day by Doon ye'se hear;
At mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed the silent tear.
Sweet birds! I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echoe waked, to aid the mane
I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang

OSCAR'S GHOST.





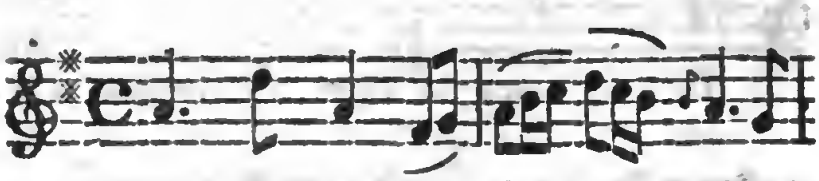




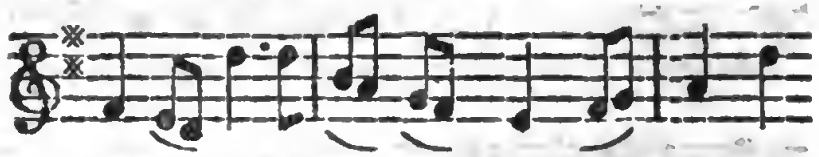
Wake, Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
And mix thy sighs and tears with mine.
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall;
The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

BESS THE GAWKIE.



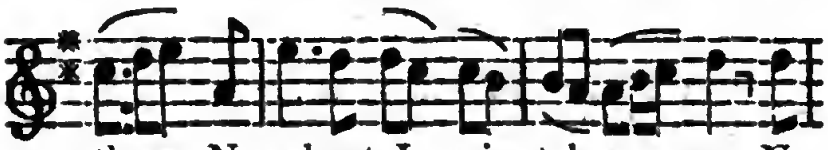
Blythe young Bess to Jean did say, Will

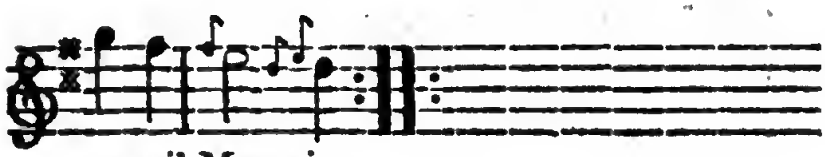


ye gang to yon sun-ny brae, Where flocks do

feed, And herds do stray, And sport a while wi'

Jamie? Ah, na, lass! I'll no gang





For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle blytheness in his face,
  Out owre the muir to Maggie:
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nae amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
  "That Bess was but a gawkie.

"For when a civil kiss I seek,
"She turns her head, and thraws her cheek.

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" And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
" Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
" But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
" She'll gie a score without offence;
" Now gie me ane into the mense,
" And ye shall be my dawtie."

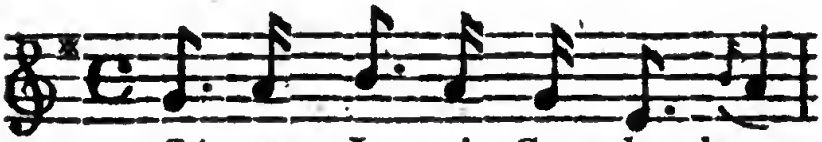
' O Jamie, ye hae mony ta'en,
' But I will never stand for ane,
' Or twa when we do meet again,
' So ne'er think me a gawkie.'
" Ah, na, lass, that canna be;
" Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,
" Or ony thy sweet face that see,
" E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But, whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead o' Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
" O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
" When I came by your gown sae new;
" I think you've got it wet wi' dew."
Quoth she, ' That's like a gawkie;

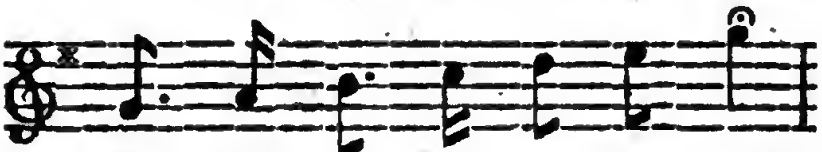
'It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
'And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
'Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
'And tell it to your dawtie.'
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, "O cruel maid, but sweet.
"If I should gang amither gate,
"I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade owre the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
'Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.'

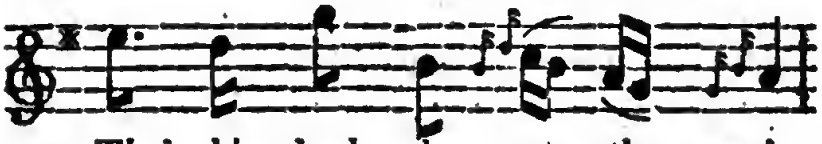
LEWIS GORDON.



O! SEND Le - wis Gor - don hame,



And the lad I dare - na name;



Tho' his back be at the wa',

Here's to him that's far a - wa. Oh hon, my

Highlandman! Oh, my bonny Highlandman!

Weel wad I my true - love ken, A-

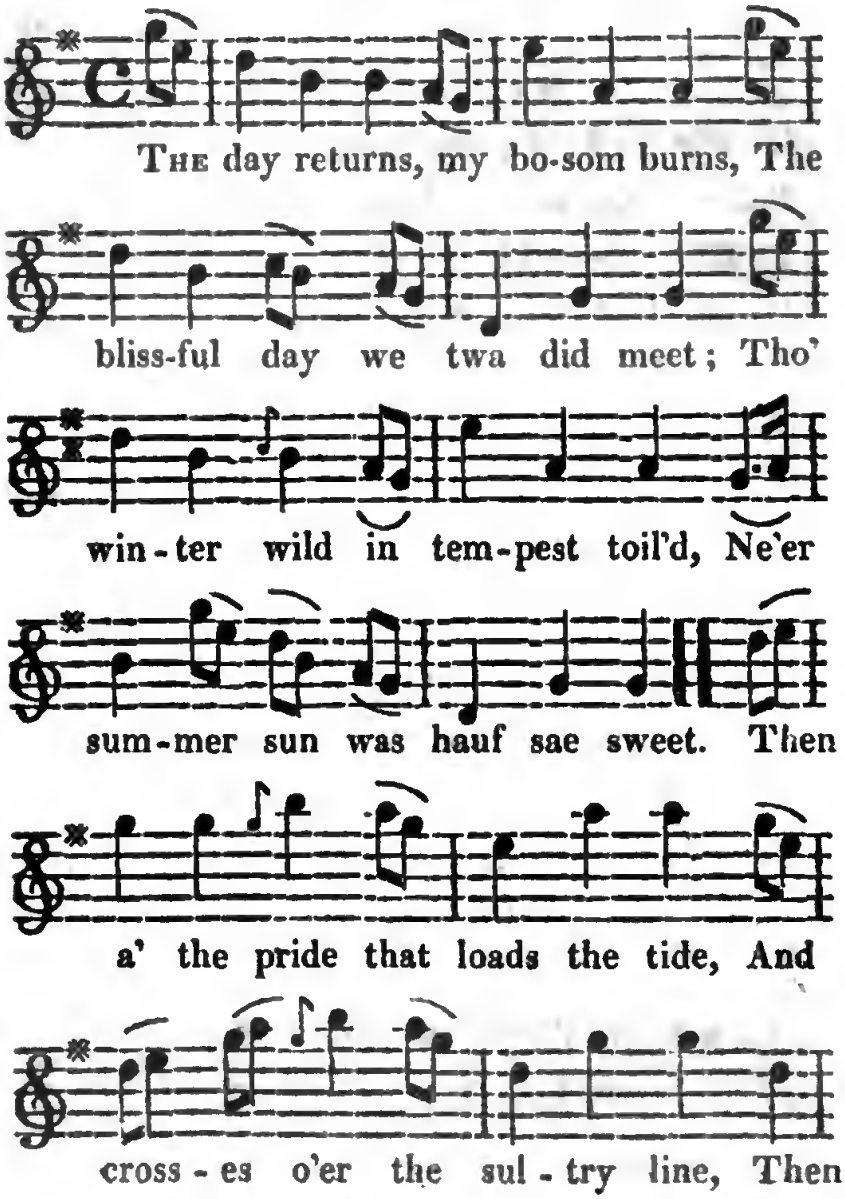
mang ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Oh hon, &c.

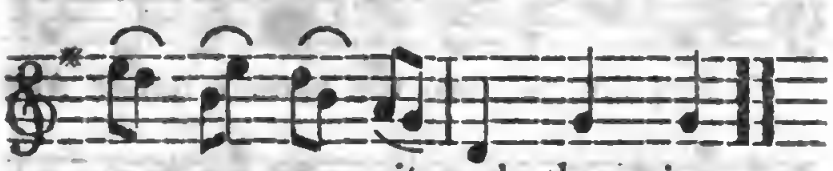
The princely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the god o' war.
Oh hon, &c.

O! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' wad disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Oh hon, &c.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.



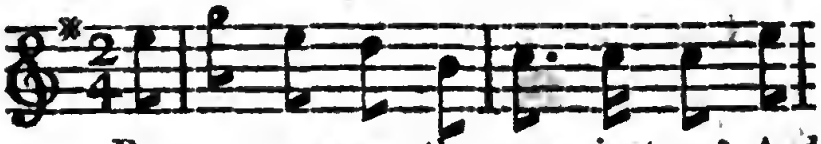
king-ly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n



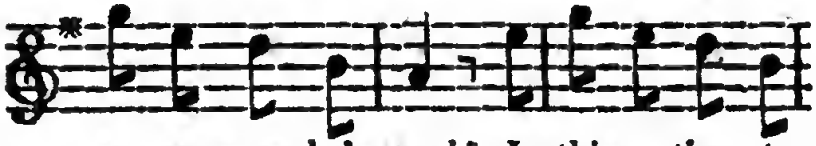
gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live.
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to mak us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

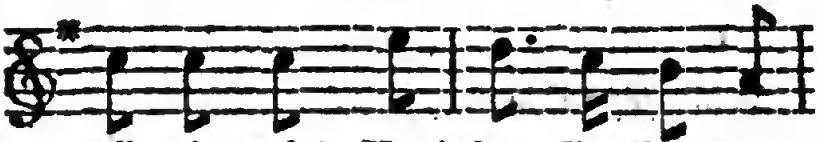
NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.



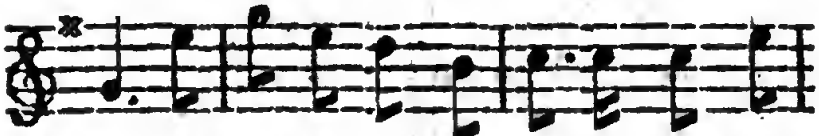
But are ye sure the news is true? And



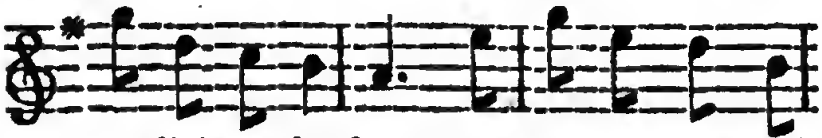
are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to



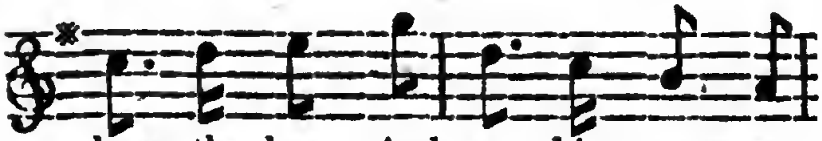
talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your



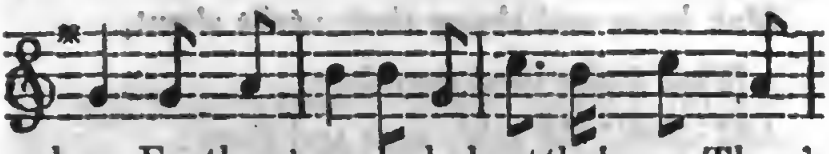
wheel. Is this a time to talk o' wark, When



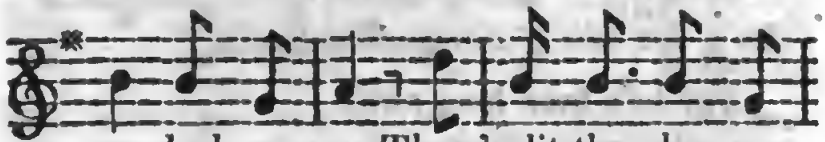
Co-lin's at the door? Rax me my cloak, I'll



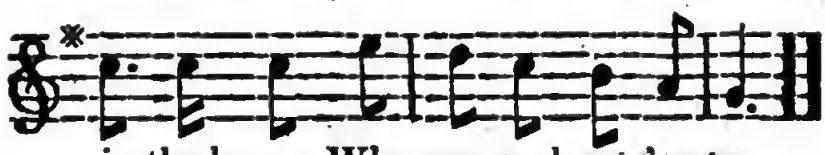
down the key, And see him come a-



shore. For there's nae luck about the house, There's



nae luck a-va; There's lit-tle plea-sure



in the house, Whan our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side;
  Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
  And Jock his Sunday's coat:
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw;
Its a' to pleasure our gudeman,
  He likes to see them braw.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,
  Hae fed this month and mair,

Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
Its a' for love o' our gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop satin gown,
And then gae tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
And a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air;
His very tread has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

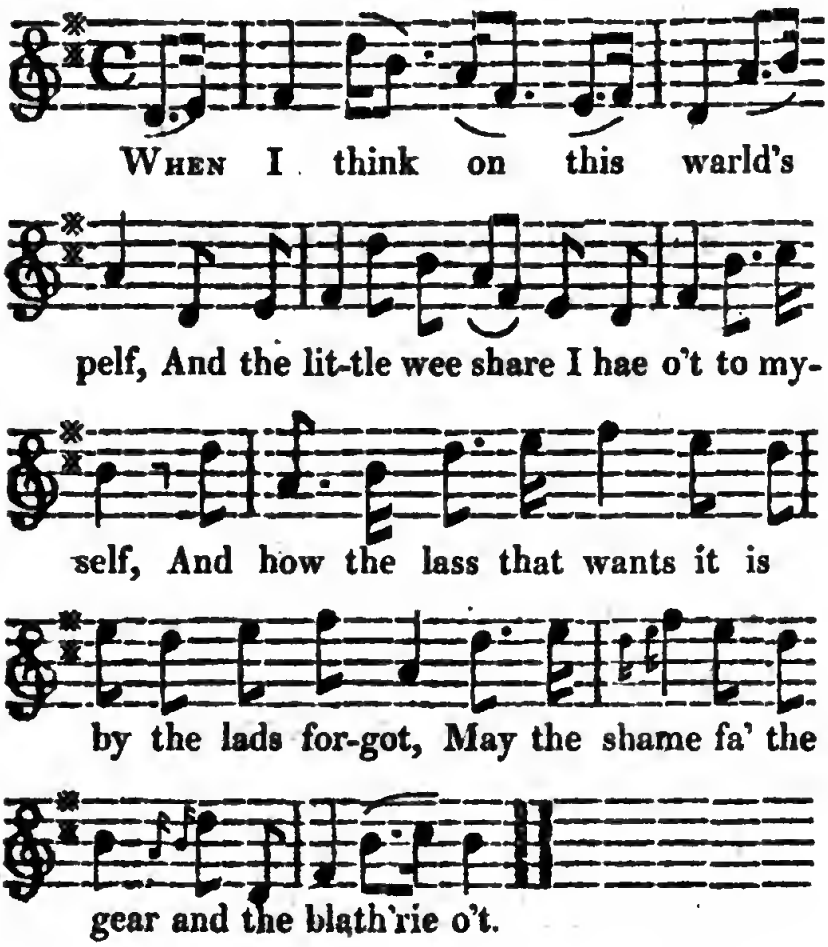
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,
  In troth, I'm like to greet.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
  That thirl'd thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
  Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
  It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
  The neist we never saw.
    For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content;
  I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
  I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

THE BLATH'RIE O'T.



Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear enough;
He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden
coat:
May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me
forgot:
May the shame, &c.

But a' this shall never daunton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is nae worth
a groat:
May the shame, &c.

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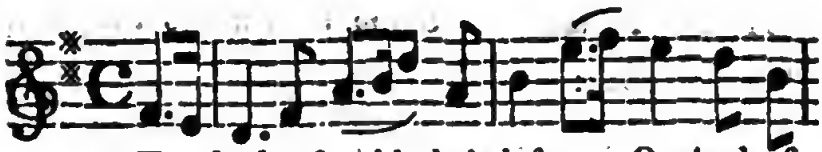
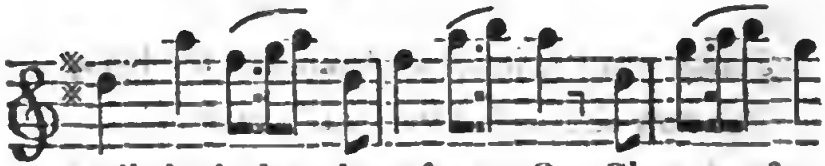
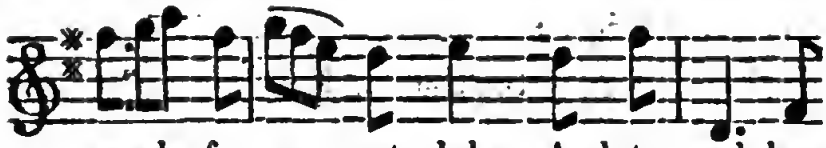
FOR LACK OF GOLD.



For lack of gold she's left me, O, And of



all that's dear be-reft me, O; She me for-

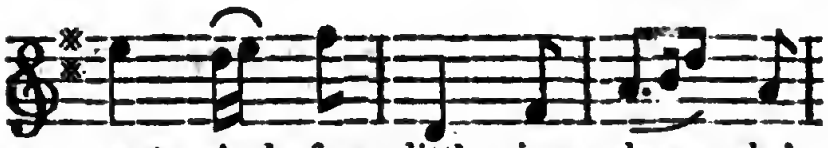


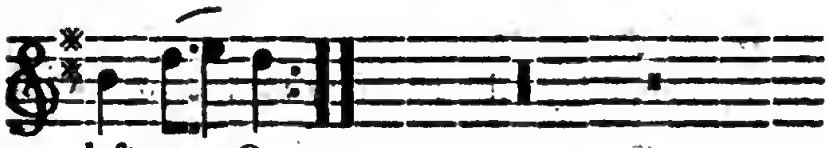
sook for a great duke, And to end-less

care has left me, O. A star and

gar-ter have more art, Than youth, a true and

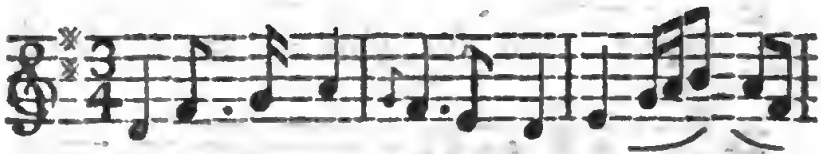
faith-ful heart; For emp-ty ti - tles we must





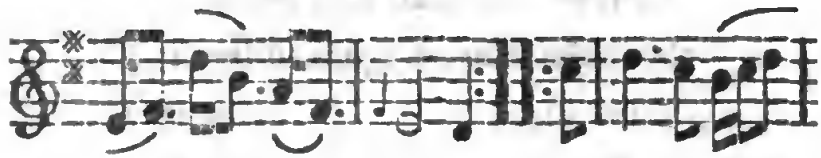
No cruel fair shall ever move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me, O.
Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she has ever left me, O.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



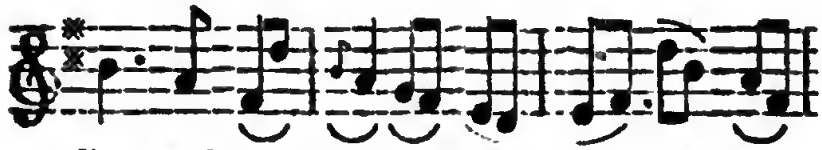
One day I heard Mary say, How shall I

leave thee? Stay, dear-est A - do - nis, stay!

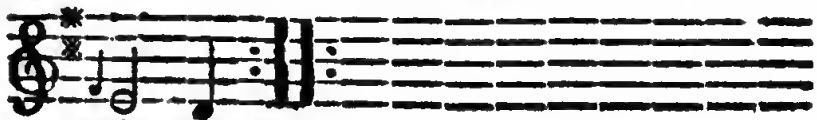


Why wilt thou grieve me? Alas! my fond

heart will break, If thou should leave me! I'll



live and die for thy sake, Yet ne - ver



grieve thee.

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Say, lovely Adonis, say,
  Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
  New love to grieve thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
  Thou may'st believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
  And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
  What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
  This breast shall receive thee.
My passion shall ne'er decay,
  Never deceive thee:
Delight shall drive pain away,
  Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
  How shall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me sad;
  I'll never leave thee.

Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

WILLY'S RARE.

Wil-ly's rare, and Wil-ly's fair, And

Willy's wondrous bonny; And Willy hecht to

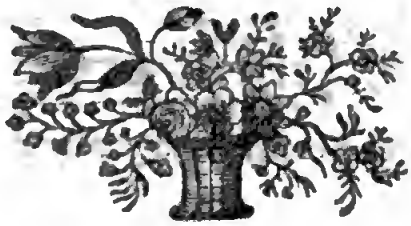
mar-ry me, Gin e'er he mar-ried

o-ny, O, Gin e'er he mar-ried o-ny.

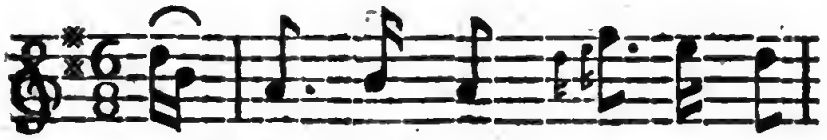
Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid;
The night I'll mak it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter's night
I lie twin'd o' my marrow.

O came you by yon water side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
And in the clifting o' a craig,
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

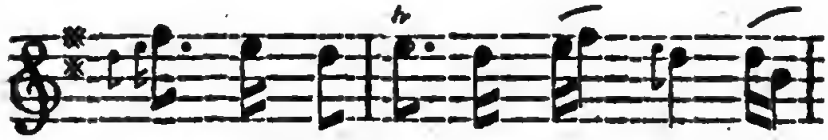


HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.



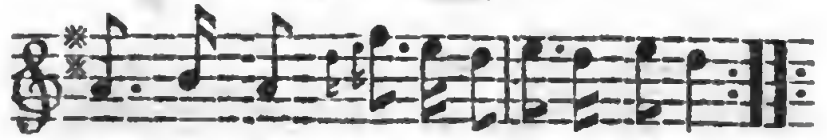
How sweet this lone vale, and how

sooth-ing to feel-ing, Yon night-in-gale's



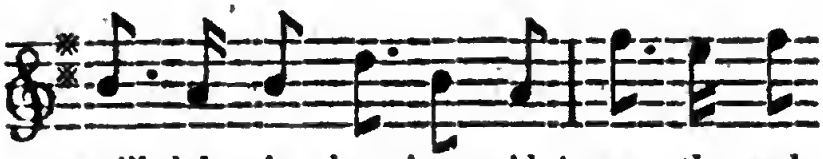
notes, which in me - lo - - dy melt ; Ob-

livion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing, A

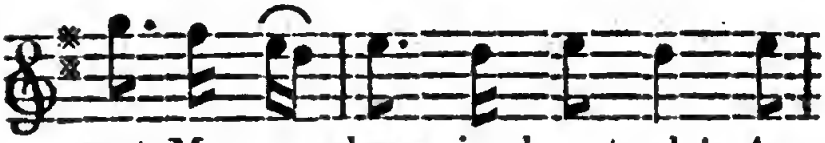


pause from keen sorrow a moment is felt.

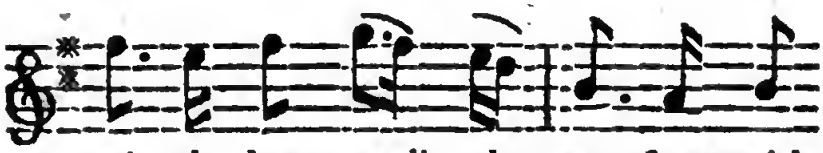
The moon's yel - - low light o'er the



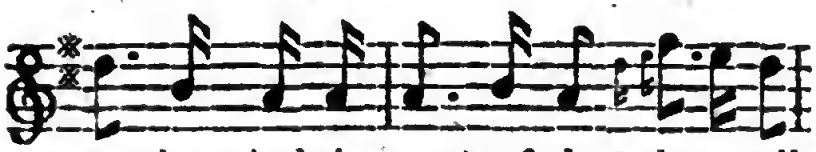
still lake is sleep-ing; Ah! near the sad



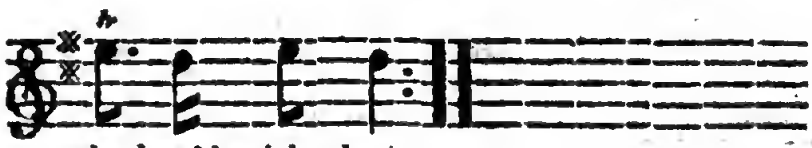
spot Ma - ry sleeps in her tomb! A-



gain the heart swells, the eye flows with

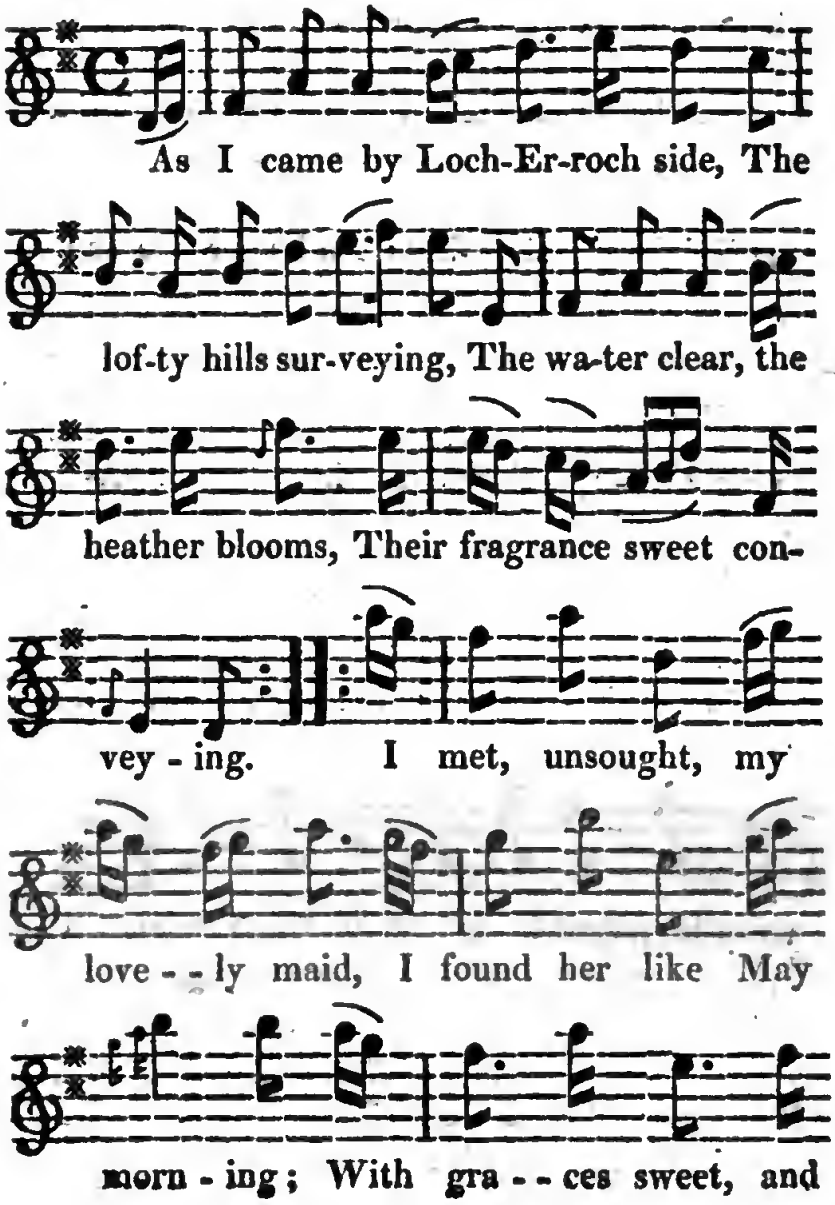


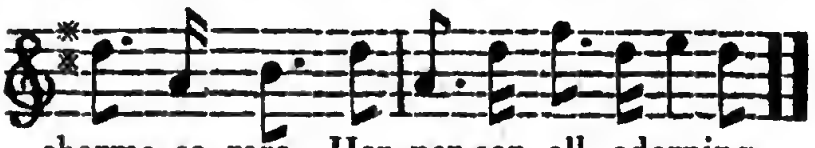
weep-ing, And the sweets of the vale are all



shadow'd with gloom.

LOCH-ERROCH SIDE.





charms so rare, Her per-son all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,
While in my arms I press'd her!
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her.
She said, If that your heart be true,
If constantly you'll love me,
I heed not care, nor fortune's frowns,
For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,
For ever you shall find me,
And of our meeting here so sweet,
Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.
Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,
I cried, no more we'll tarry!
We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,
For lovers soon should marry.

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THE LASS OF GOWRIE.

Upon a simmer afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie, in a braw new gown,
Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,
Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r;
But Katie was the fairest flow'r
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak you to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
And mak you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,
My mither coft last new-year's-day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.

Daft Will, short syne, cam courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befel,
Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel;
  She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel, my bonny quean,
  I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,
  Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

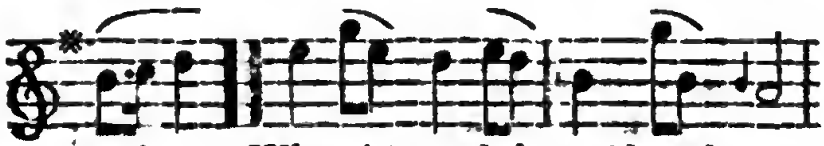
Saft kisses on her lips I laid;
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
  O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!
The auld folks soon gae their consent,
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content;
  And now she's Lady Gowrie!

TARRY WOO.

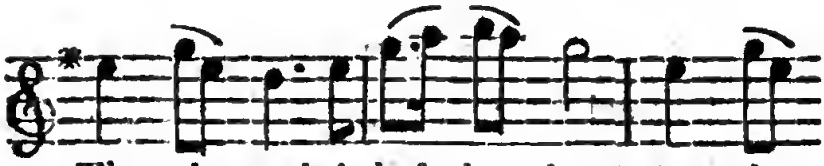
TARRY woo, O tar - ry woo, Tar-ry

woo is ill to spin; Card it weel, O

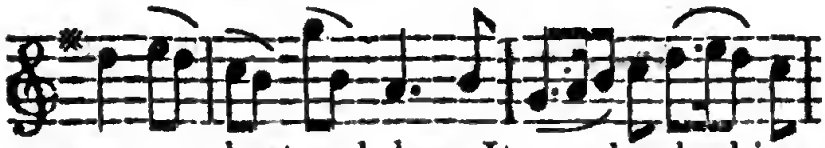
card it weel, Card it weel ere ye be-



gin. When it's carded, row'd, and spun,



Then the work is haf - lens done; But when



wo-ven, drest, and clean, It may be clead-ing

for a queen.

Sing, my harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Through the winter's frost and snow;
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,
No by hauf sae usefu' are:
Frae kings to him that hauds the plough,
A' are oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip;
Sing in praise of tarry woo;
Sing the flocks that bear it too:
Harmless creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame;
Keep us warm and hearty fu';
Leeze me on the tarry woo.

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How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife;
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae.
No such music to his ear;
Of thief or fox he has nae fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly true,
Weel defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
No, ev'n a monarch on his throne,
He that the royal sceptre sways,
Has nae sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king? can ony tell?
When a shepherd sings sae well,
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
Wi' honest heart and tarry woo.

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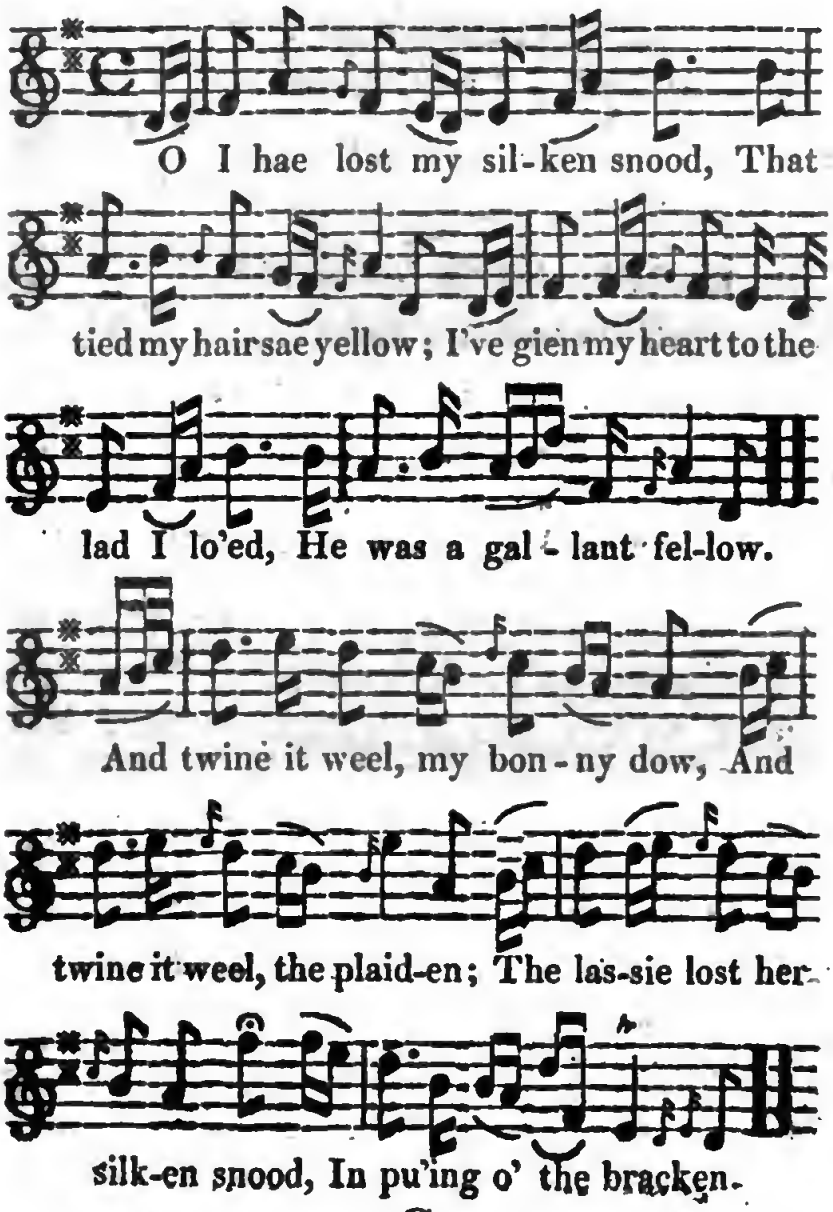
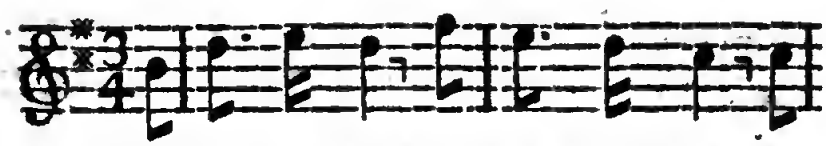
TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.



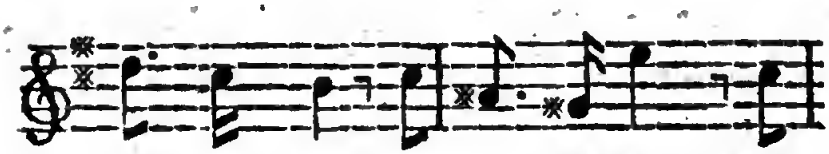
He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,
Sae lily-white my skin, O,
And syne he pried my bonny mou',
And swore it was nae sin, O.
And twine, &c.

But he has left the lass he lo'ed,
His ain true-love forsaken;
Which gars me sair to greet the snood
I lost amang the bracken.
And twine, &c.

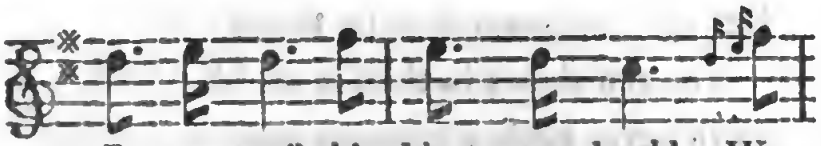
TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



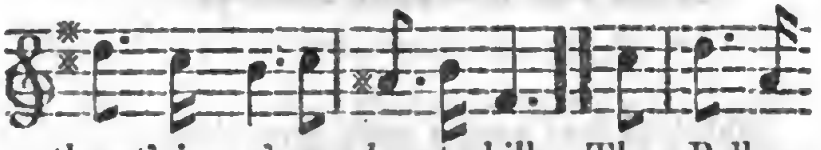
In win-ter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And



frost and snaw on il--ka hill, And

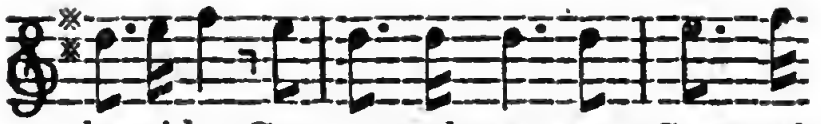


Bo-reas, wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was

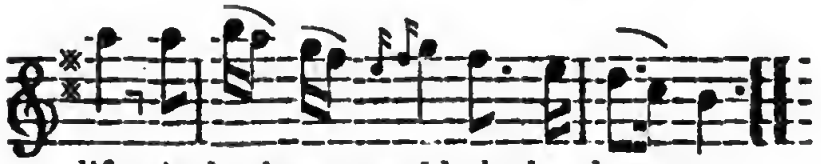


threat'ning a' our kye to kill. Then Bell my

wife, wha loes na strife, She said to me, right



has-ti-ly, Get up, gudeman, save Crummy's



life, And tak your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Crummy is an usefu' cow,
  And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
  And I am laith that she should tine.

Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time;
The sun shines in the lift sae hie:
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days whan our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but hauf-a-crown;
He said they were a groat owre dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thou a man o' low degree;
It's pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

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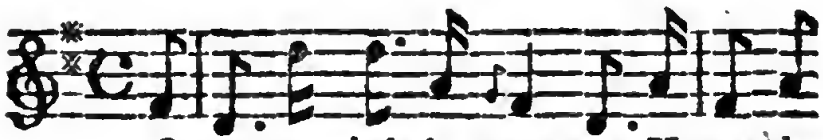
Ev'ry land has its ain laugh,
  Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool,
I think the warld is a' gaun daft,
  When ilka wife her man wad rule:
Do ye nae see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
  How they are girded gallantly?
While I sit hurklin in the ase;
  I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
  Since we did ane anither ken,
And we hae had, between us twa,
  O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
  I wish and pray, weel may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
  E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

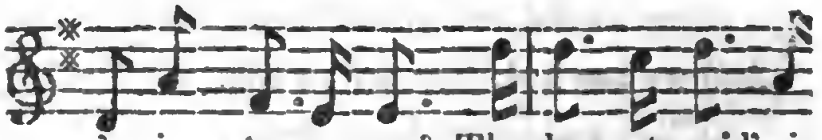
Bell, my wife, she loes na strife,
  But she wad guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
  I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.

Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Sae I'll leave aff whare I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

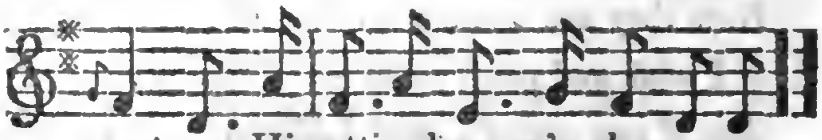
THE LASS IN YON TOWN.



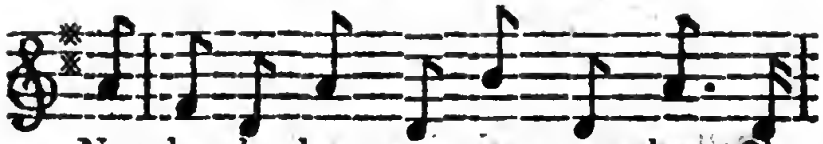
O WAT ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the



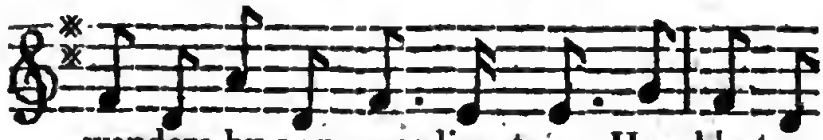
e'en-ing sun u-pon? The dear-est maid's in



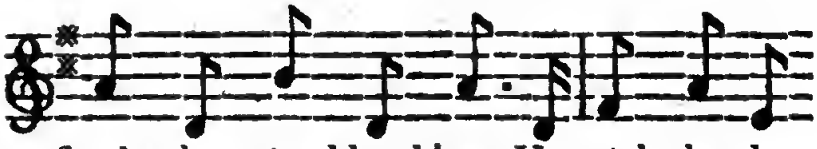
yon town, His setting beams e'er shone upon.



Now hap-ly down yon gay green shaw, She



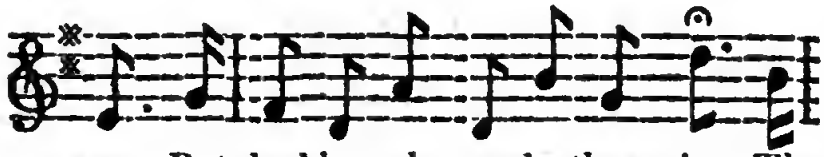
wanders by yon spreading tree; How blest ye



flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glan-

ces o' her ee, How blest ye birds that round

her sing, And wan-ton in the bloom-ing



year; But doubly wel-come be the spring, The

sea-son to my Jea-nie dear.

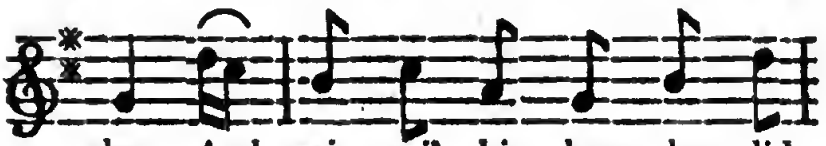
The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
Of paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelte there.

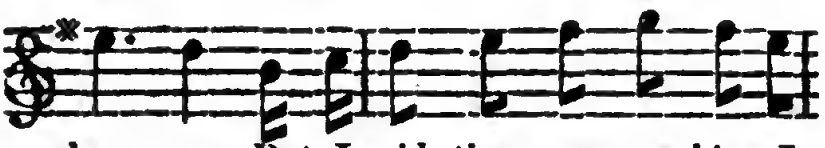
O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking sun's gaun down upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beams e'er shone upon.
If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit ought here below;
But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.
For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart:
For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

GUDE FORGI'E ME FOR LYIN.

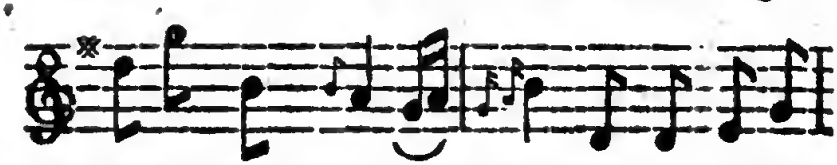
Ae day a braw woo-er came down the lang



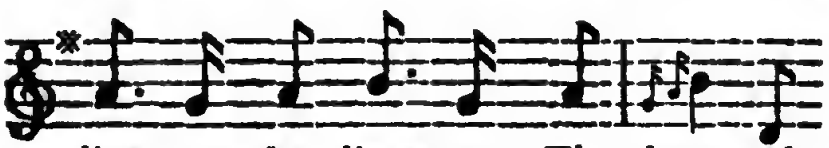
glen, And sair wi' his love he did



deave me; But I said, there was naething I



hat-ed like men, The deuce tak him to be-



lieve me, be - lieve me; The deuce tak

him to be - lieve me.

A weel stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
A bridal aff hand was the proffer,
I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
And how for my love he was diein;
I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgi'e me for liein!

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her),
He's down the lang glen to my black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how the jade I could bear her!

Sae a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gade to the tryst o' Dulgarlock;
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

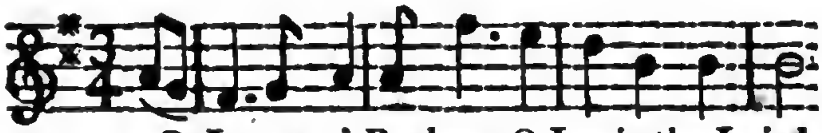
Out o'er my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neibours should think I was saucy;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

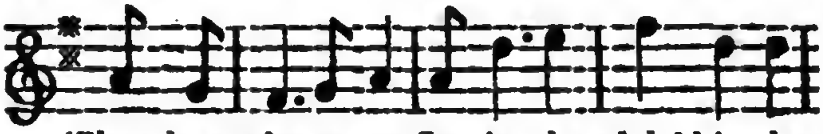
I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearin';
And how my auld shoon fited her shachel'd feet,
Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me, for Gudesake, that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I shall wed him to-morrow.

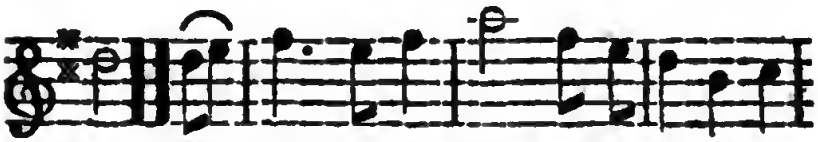
LOGIE O' BUCHAN.



O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,

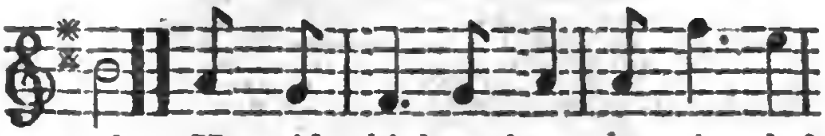


They hae ta'en a-wa Jamie, that delv'd in the

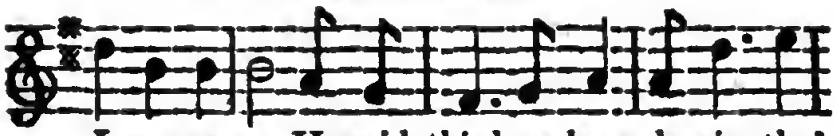


yard, Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the vi-ol sae

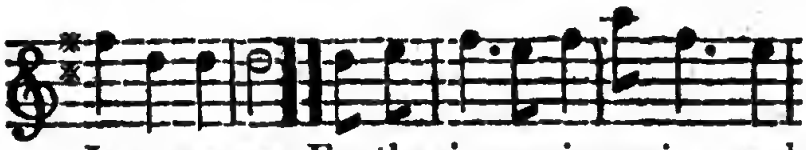
sma'; They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them



a'. He said, think na lang, las-sie, tho'



I gang awa; He said, think na lang, lassie, tho'



I gang a-wa: For the simmer is coming, cauld

winter's a-wa, And I'll come and see thee in

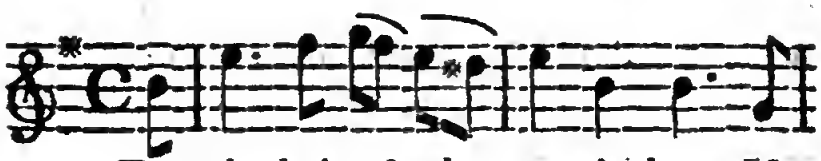
spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
But I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him, wi' his houses and land.
He said, think na lang, &c.

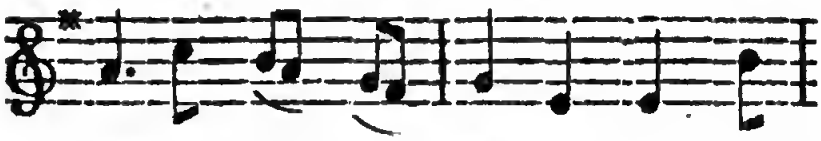
My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They are nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
He said, think na lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

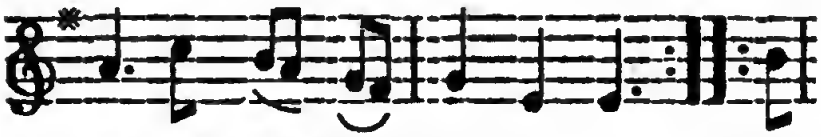


Thy cheek is o' the ro-se's hue, My

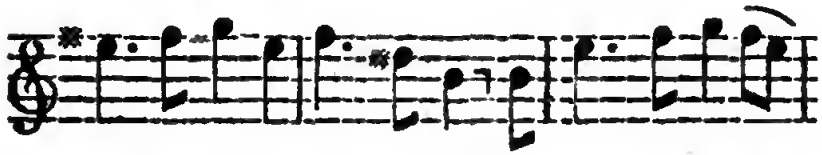


on - ly jo and dear-ie, O; Thy

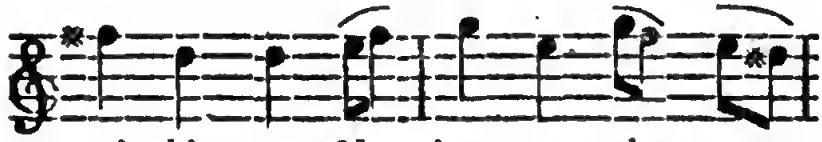
neck is o' the sil - ler dew U-



pon the banks sae brier-ie, O. Thy



teeth are o' the i - vo-ry; O sweet's the twinkle



o' thine ee: Nae joy, nae plea - sure,

blinks on me, My on-ly jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upo' the thorn
  Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
  Nae care to mak it eerie, O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,
  Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
  My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin bonny, O,
Aft we wad daff the li'elang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nae ither war'dly care I'd hae,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

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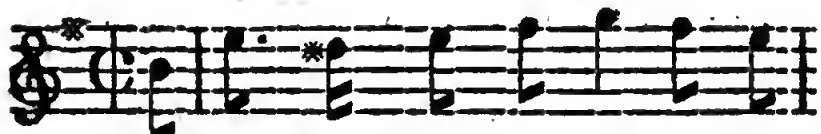
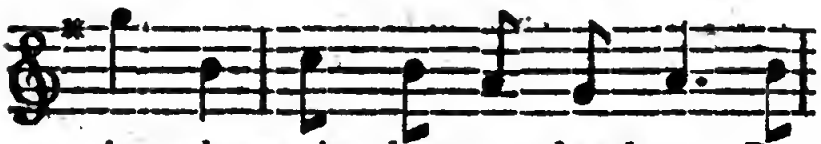
THE POSIE.

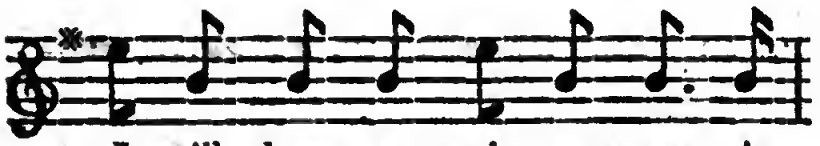


O LOVE will ven-ture in, where it

dare-na weel be seen; O love will ven-ture

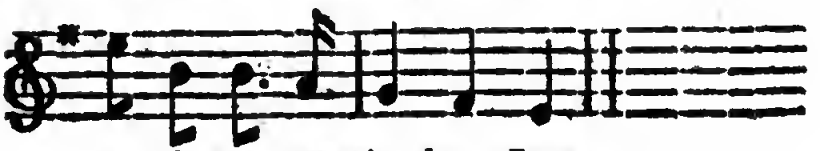


in, where wis - dom ance has been; But



I will down yon ri - ver rove, A-

mang the leaves sae green, And a' to pu' a



po-sie to my ain dear Jean.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, (I will her ay esteem)
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

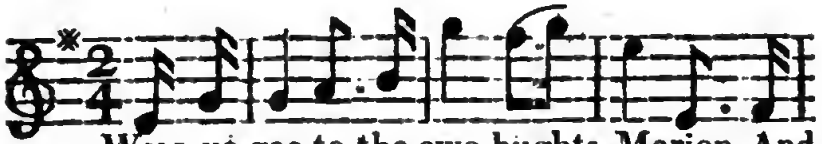
I'll pu' the budding rose when it glitters wi' the dew,
For its like a ba'my kiss o' her sweet bonny mou';
The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected mein,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely breast, I'll place the lily there;
The hyacinth for constancy, and sweetly smelling bean,
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

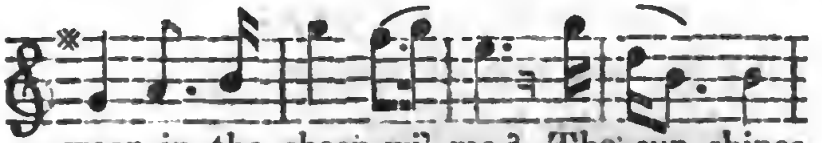
The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
I'll pu' the vi'let too, which weel she fa's to wear,
Wi' ilka flow'r on hill or dale, that's sweet or comely seen,
And a' to be a posie for my ain dear Jean.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken cord o' love,
And place it in her bosom; then swear by a' above,
That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ay
remain,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear Jean.

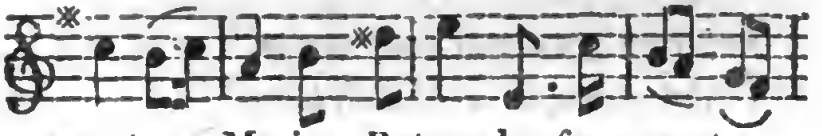
THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.



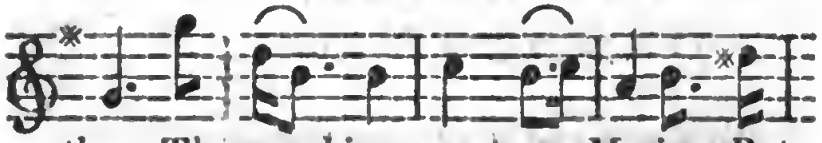
WILL ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And



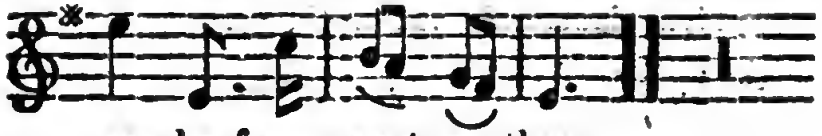
wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines



sweet, my Marion, But nae hauf sae sweet as



thee. The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But



nae hauf sae sweet as thee.

My Marion's a bonny lass,
The blythe blinks ay in her ee;
And fain wad I marry my Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en' when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow, and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And yese get a green-sey apron,
And waistcoat o' Lon'on brown;
Then vow but ye will be vap'rin,
When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

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Sae put on your pearlings, Marion,
Wi' kirtle of the cramasie;
And sae soon's my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see thee.

HOW BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

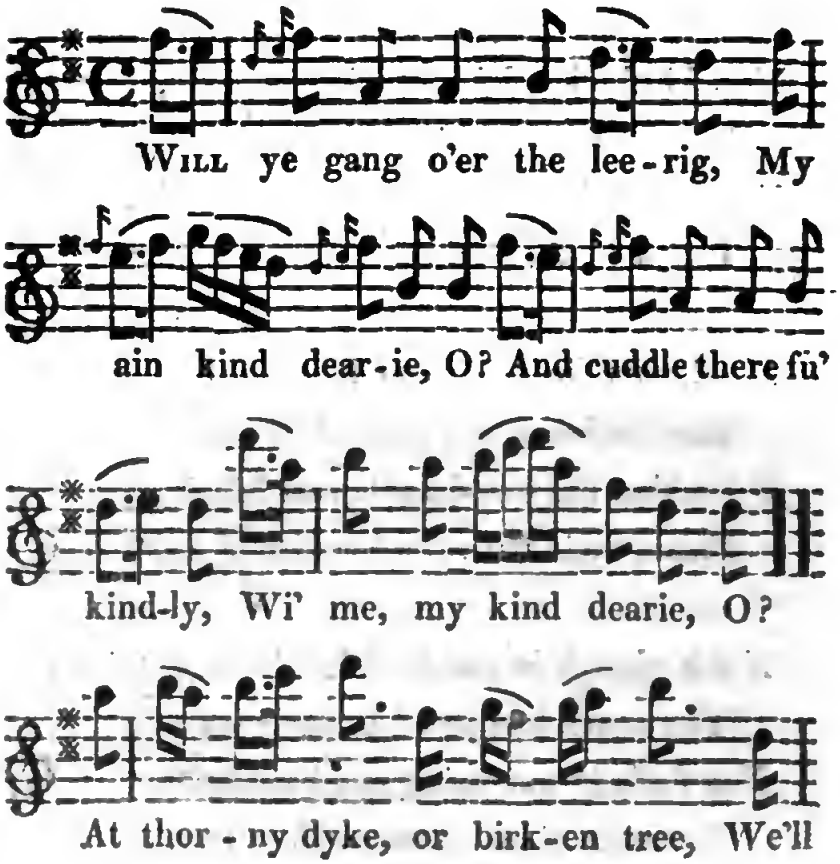
How blythe hae I been wi' my Sandy,
As we sat in the howe o' the glen!
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
To the banks o' the Rhine he is gane.

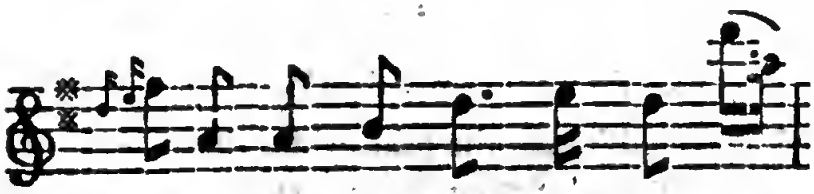
Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar;
O cou'dna the ewe-bughts and Marion
Please mair than the horrors o' war!

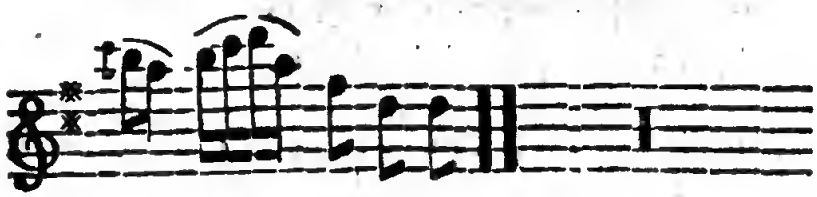
Not a plough in our land has been ganging,
The ousen hae stood in their sta';
Nae flails in our barns hae been banging,
For mair than a towmond or twa.

Waes me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
O, I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion
Could charm frae the horrors o' war.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.







Nae herd wi' kent, or colly there,
  Shall ever come to fear ye, O,
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
  Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
  And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows
  Wi' thee, my ain kind dearie, O.

At gloamin, if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O,
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,
When absent frae my dearie, O:
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
Aft hae I sat fu' cheery, O,
Upon the bonny greensward howes,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.
I've courted till I've heard the craw
Of honest Chanticleerie, O,
Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
When wi' my kind dearie, O.

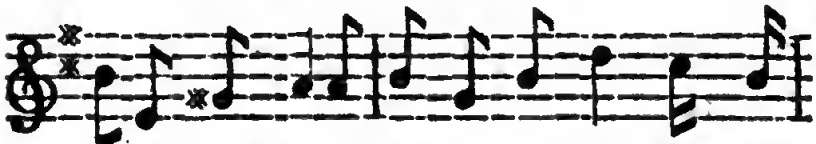
For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lee rig
My ain kind dearie, O.

While in this weary warld of wae,
This wilderness sae dreary, O,
What maks me blythe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

KAIL BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

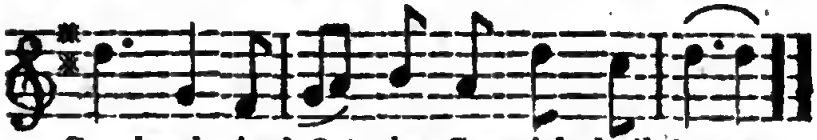
When our an - cient fore - fa - thers a-

greed wi' the laird, For a piece o' gude grund to



be a kail-yard, It was to the brose that they

paid their regard: O! the kail-brose of auld



Scotland, And O! the Scottish kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
Just before they began, they'd been feasting on
brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

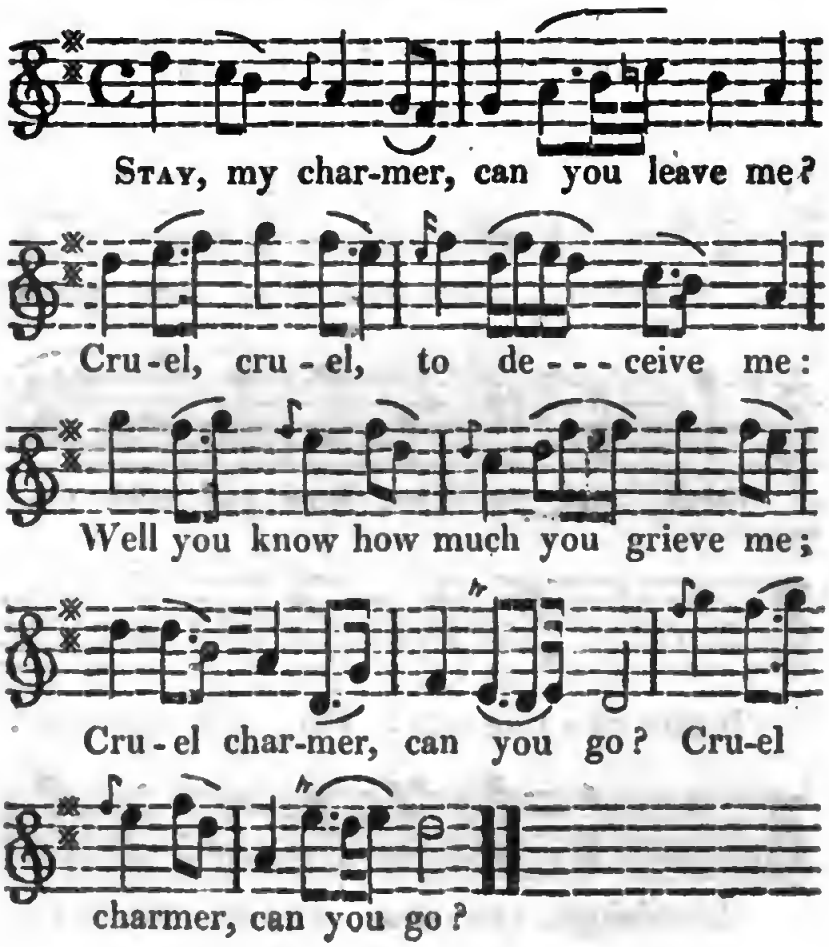
Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts, which their dress did
compose,
And a bag of oat-meal on their backs to be brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen
there;
But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is join'd to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
Likes always to feast on a cog o' gude brose;
And thanks be to heav'n, we've yet plenty of those.
O! the kail-brose, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER.



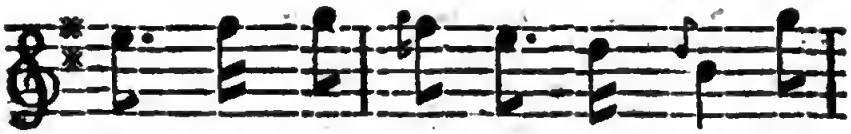
By my love so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so,
Do not, do not leave me so.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green

earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the

broad set - ting sun! Fare-well, loves and

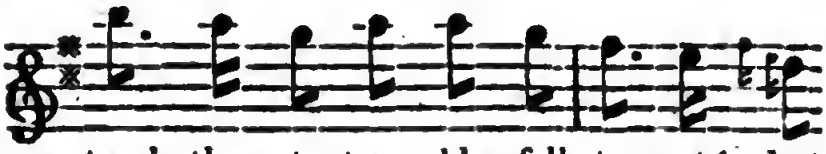


friendships, ye dear ten - der ties! Our

race of ex-ist-ence is run. Thou

grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, Go

fright-en the cow-ard and slave! Go



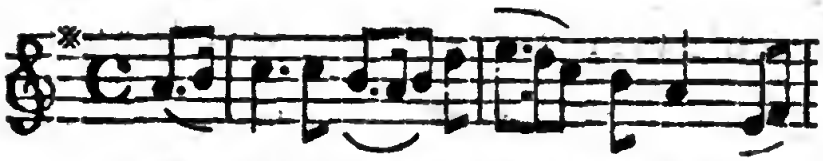
teach them to trem-ble, fell ty-rant! but

know, No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name:

Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our King and our Country to save;
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.



'Twas ev'n', the dewy fields were green, On

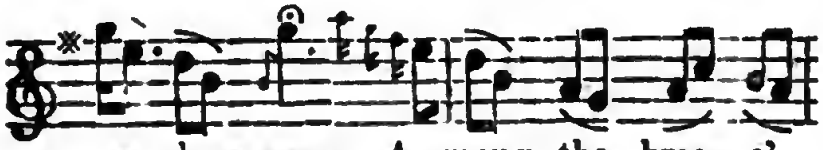
ev'-ry blade the pearls hang; The zephyr

wanton'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant

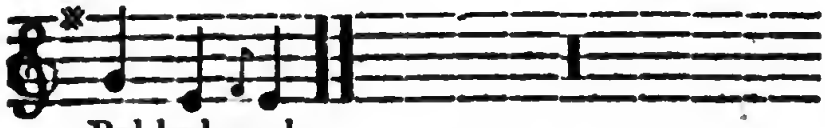
sweets a - lang: In ev' - ry glen the

ma - vis sang, All Na - ture list' - ning

seem'd the while, Ex-cept where greenwood



e - choes rang, A - mang the braes o'



Bal-loch-myle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lanely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy:

Her look was like the morning's eye,
  Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
The lily's hue, and rose's dye,
  Bespake the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
  And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
  Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, Nature's darling child!
  There all her charms she does compile:
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
  By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
  And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
  That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
  With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
  The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honour lofty shine;
And thrist of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward sink the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

I

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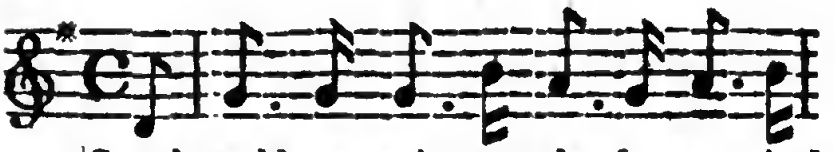
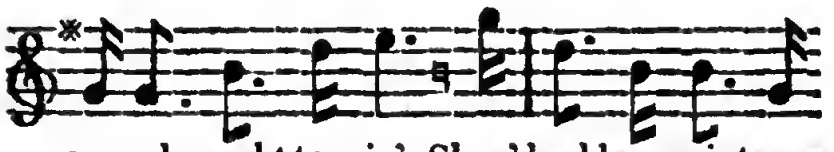
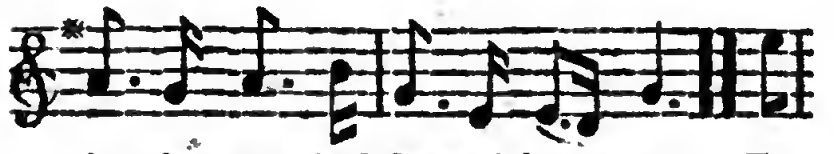
AULD LANGSYNE.



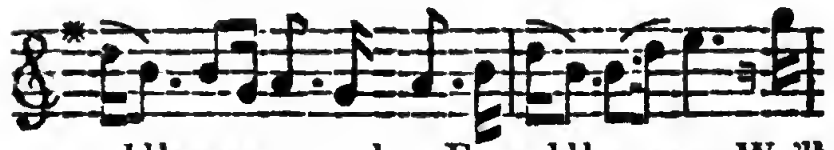
Shou'd auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And



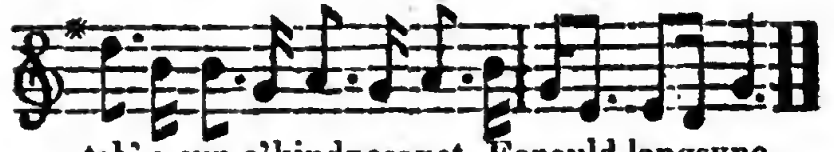
never brought to min', Shou'd auld acquaintance



be for-got, And days o' lang-syne. For



auld langsyne, my dear, For auld langsyne, We'll



tak' a cup o' kindness yet, For auld langsyne.

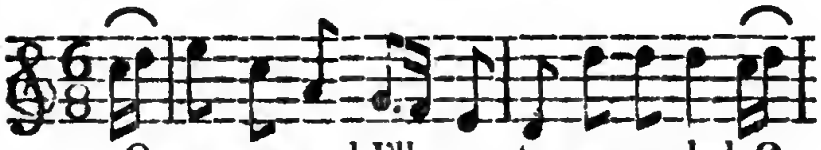
We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidel't i' the burn,
When simmer days were prime,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

Now there's a hand my trusty feire,
And gi'es a haud o' thine,
Syne toom the stoup to friendship's growth,
And auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

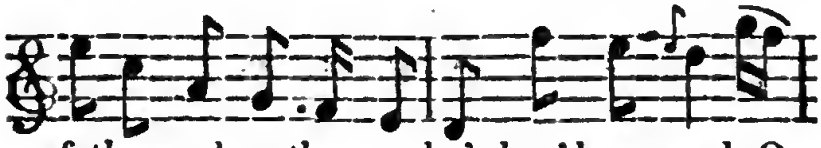
But surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU.



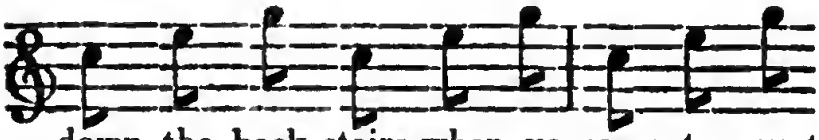
O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad, O

whistle and I'll come to you, my lad; Tho'

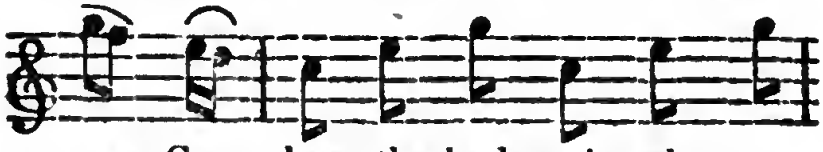


father and mother, and a' shou'd gae mad, O

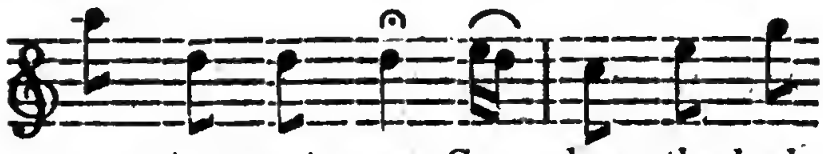
whistle and I'll come to you, my lad. Come



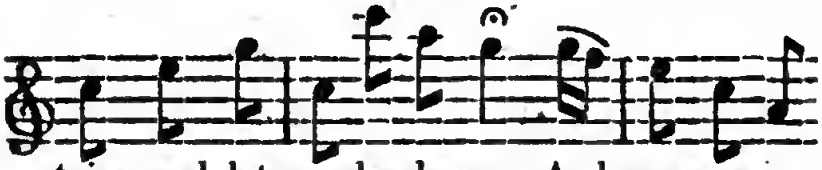
down the back stairs when ye come to court



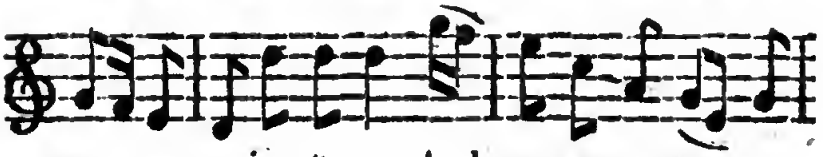
me, Come down the back stairs when ye



come to court me; Come down the back



stairs, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye



were na coming to me, And come as ye were na

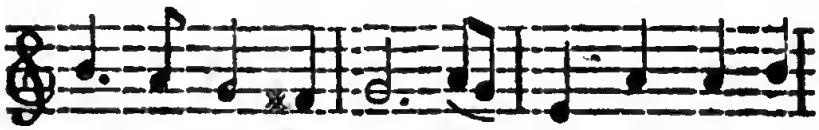
coming to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mother, and a' shou'd gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee;
But steal me a look o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

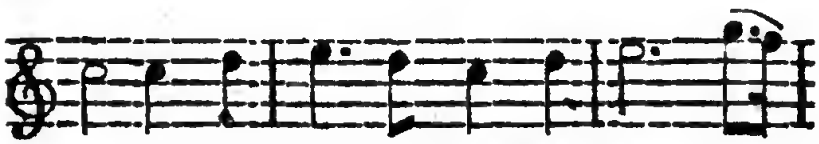
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mother, and a' shou'd gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

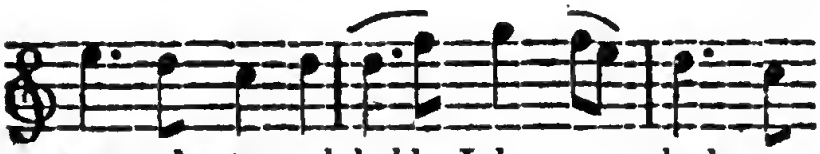
JOHN AN-DER-SON, my jo, John, when



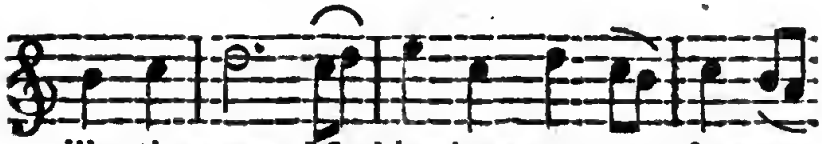
we were first acquaint, Your locks were like the



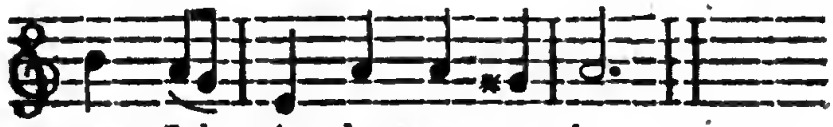
ra-ven, your bon-ny brow was brent; But



now ye're turned bald, John, your locks are



like the snaw, My blessings on your fros-ty



pow, John An-der-son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ay at kirk and market, I've kept you trim and neat;
Some folk say ye're auld, John, but I scarce believe it's so,
For ye are ay the same to me, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,

And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er
say no,
Though the days are gane that we hae seen, John
Anderson, my jo.

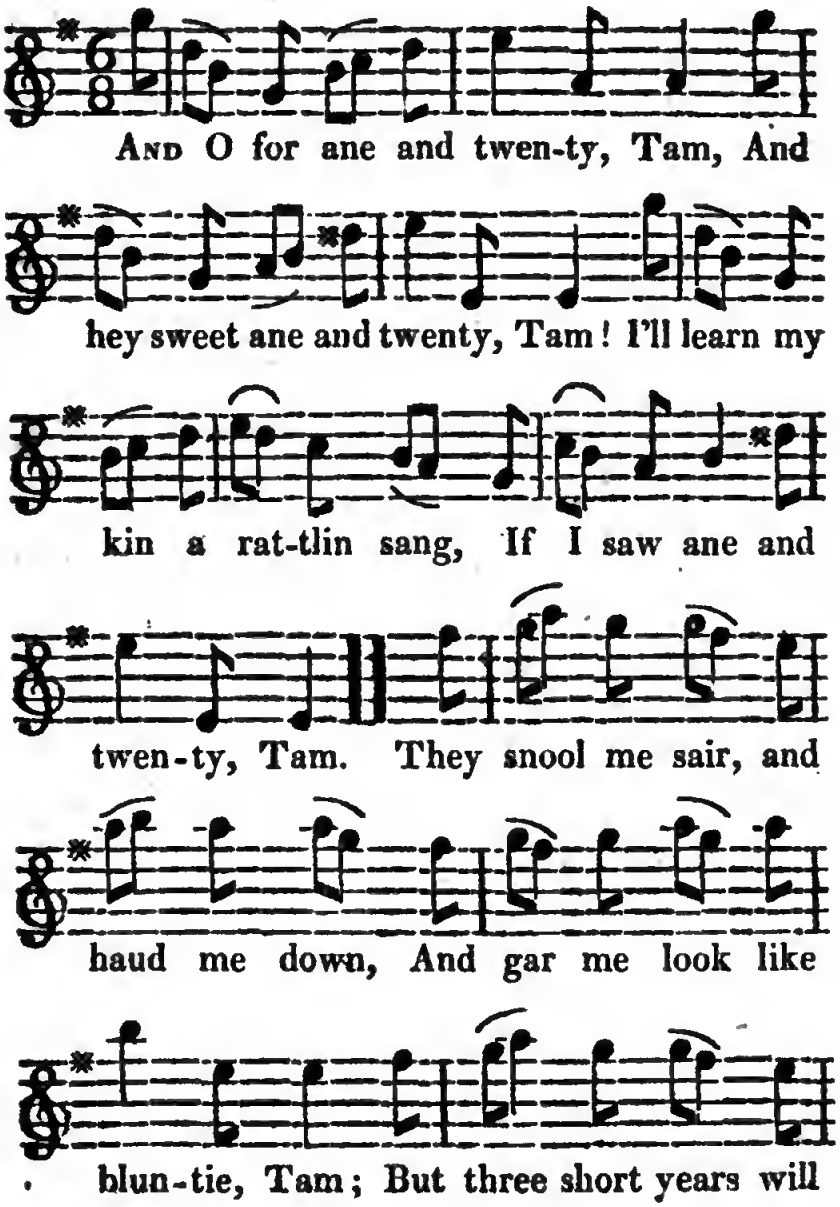
John Anderson, my jo, John, our siller ne'er was
rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty sin' we were man
'and wife;
We've ay haen bit and brat, John, great blessings
here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame, John An-
derson, my jo.

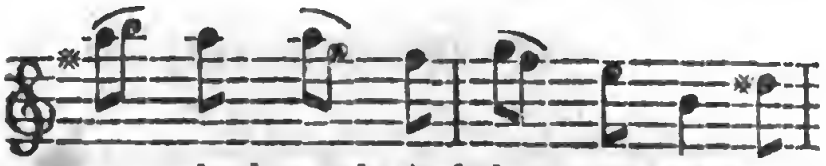
John Anderson, my jo, John, the warld loes us
baith;
We ne'er spak ill o' neibours, John, nor did them
ony skaith;
To live in peace and quietness was a' our care, ye
know,
And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year
we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring
us to our last;
But let not that affright us, John, our hearts were
ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've liv'd, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill
thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.





soon wheel round, And then comes ane and

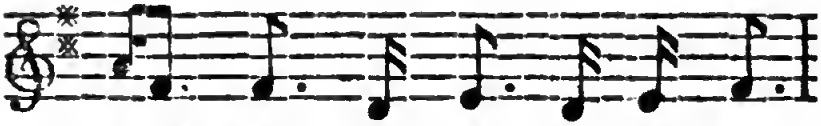
twen-ty, Tam.

A gleib o' land, a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
Gin I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
And O, &c.

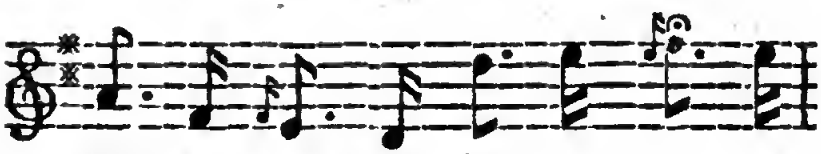
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.
And O, &c.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

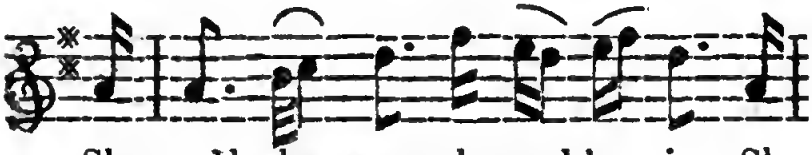


Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,



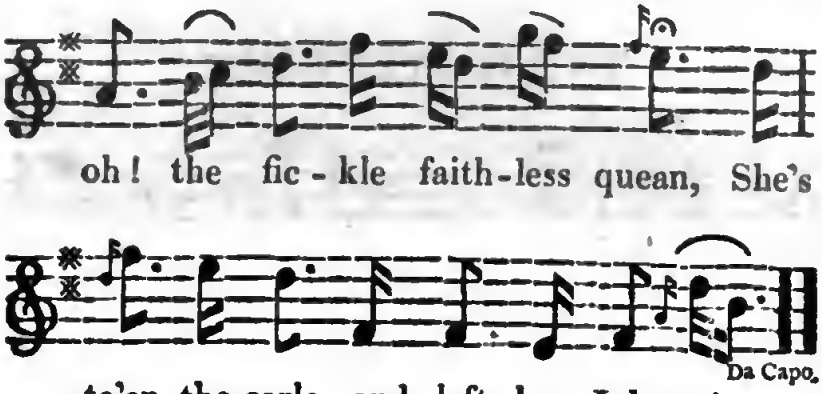
Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As

I came o'er the braes o' Bal-loch.



She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine; She

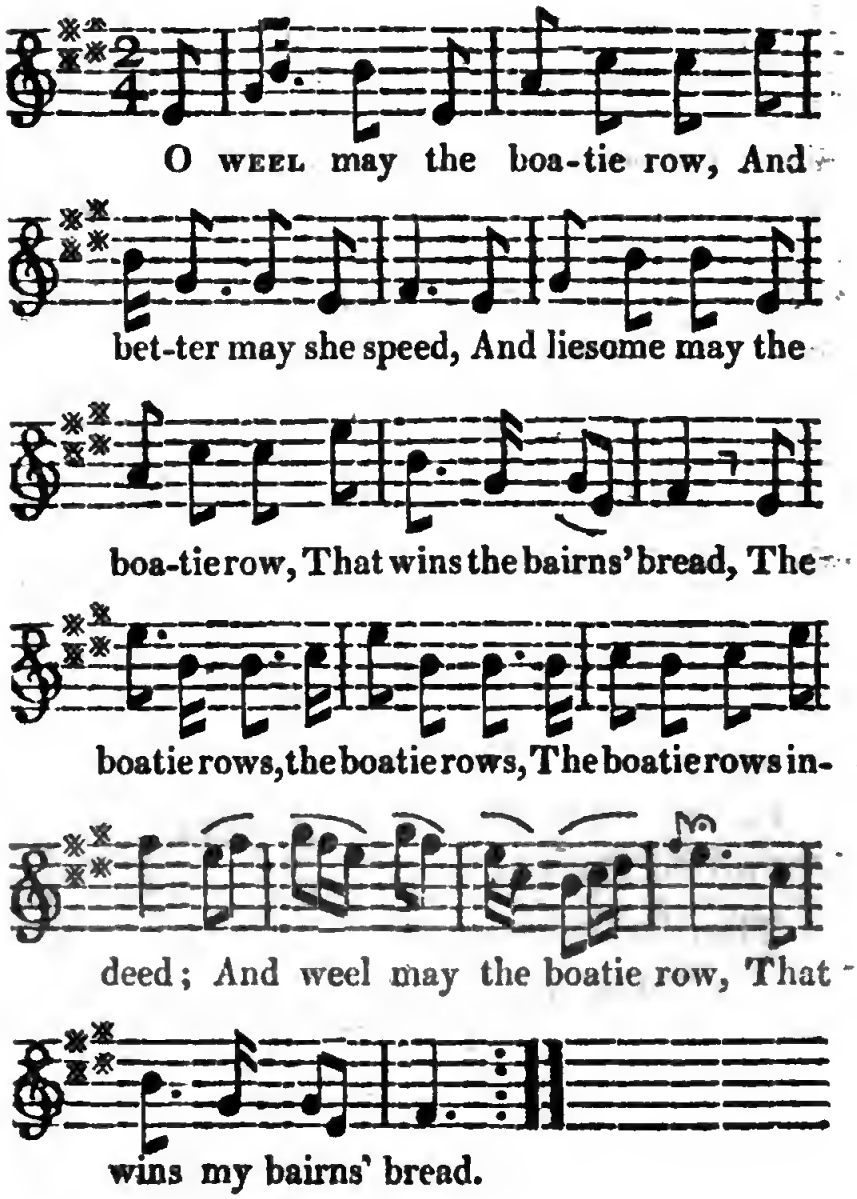
said she lo'ed me best of o - - ny; But



O she was a canty quean,
  Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
  Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
    Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
  Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny:
To me she ever will be dear,
  Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
    Roy's wife, &c.

THE BOATIE ROWS.



I coost my line in Largo Bay,
  And fishes I catch'd nine,
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
  And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot o' a',
  Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row,
  That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae tap to tae,
  And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed,
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
  And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel;
  He swore we'd never part.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel,
And muckle lighter is the load,
  When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
  And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was douf and wae,
  When Jamie gaed awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
  And lucky be her part,
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
  That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
  Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
  And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel,
And lightsome be her heart that bears
  The murlain and the creel.

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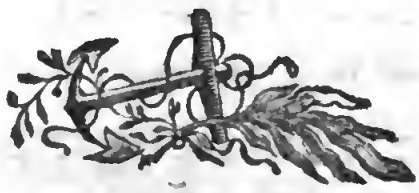
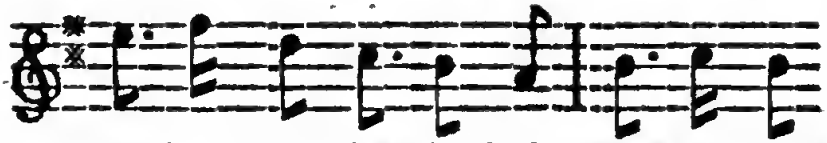
And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot o' a',
That wish the boatie speed.



K

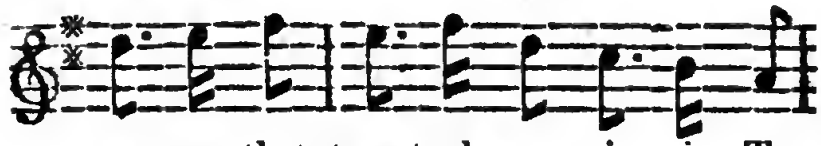
WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

WHAT can a young las - sie, what

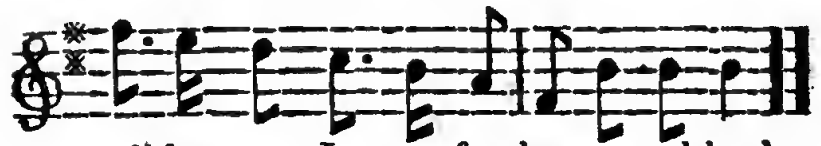


shall a young las-sie, What shall a young

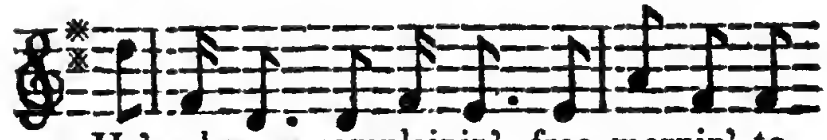
las-sie do wi' an auld man ? Bad luck on the



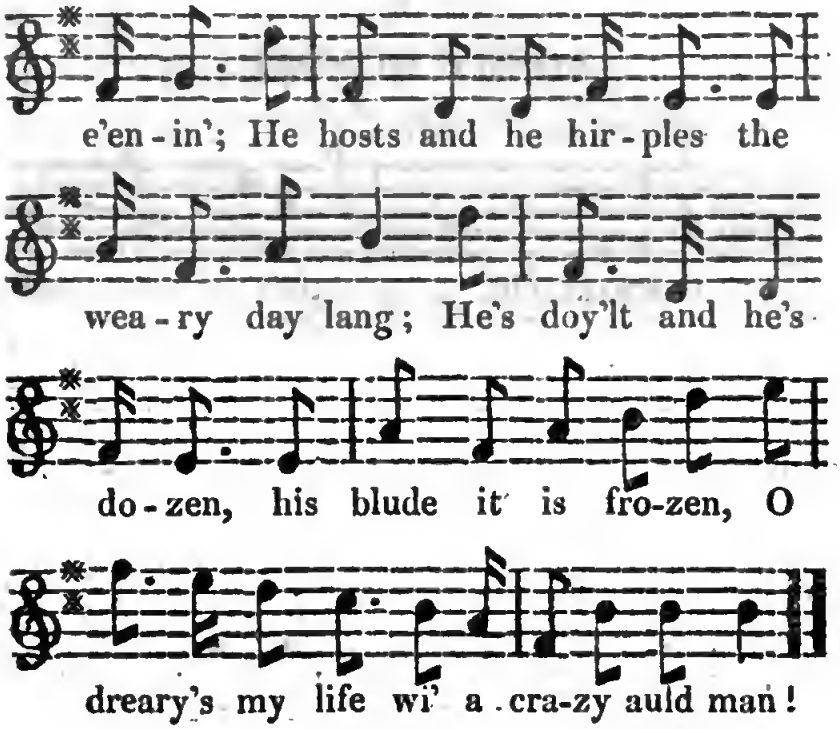
pen-ny that tempt-ed my min-nie, To



sell her poor Jen-ny for houses and land.



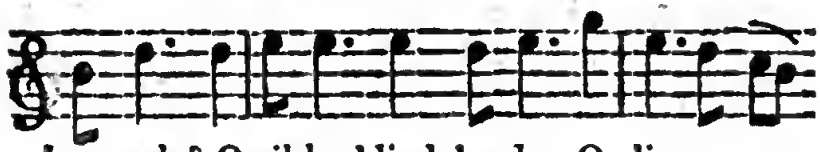
He's al-ways complainin', frae mornin' to



He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous o' a' the young fellows;
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

BONNY DUNDEE.

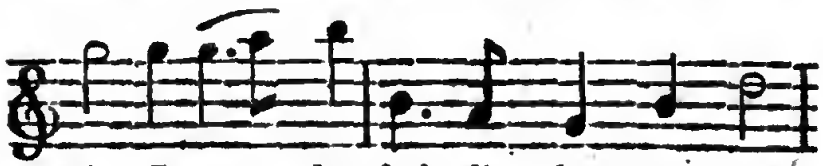
O WHARE did ye get that hau-ver-meal



bannock? O sil-ly blind bo-dy, O din-na ye

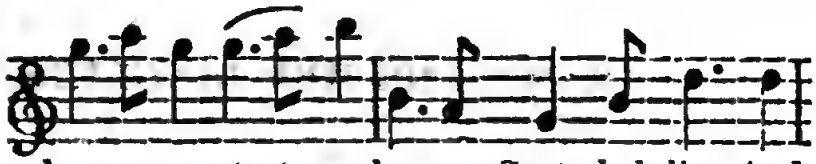
see? I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie, Be-

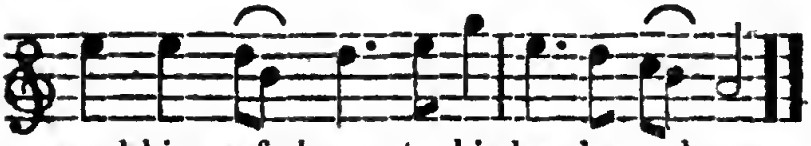
tween Saint Johnstoun and bonny Dundee. O



gin I saw the lad-die that gae me't!

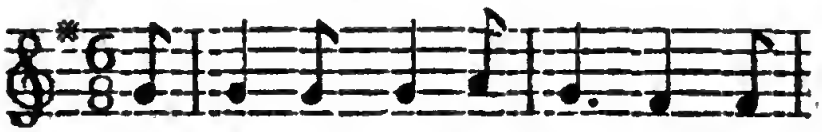
Aft has he doudl'd me u-pon his knee; May



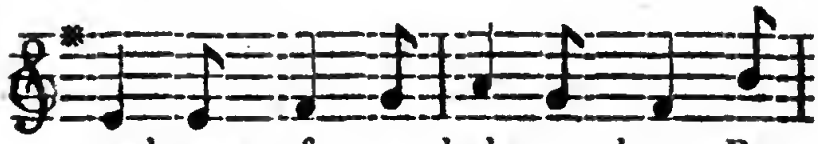


My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie,
  My blessings upon that bonny ee-bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
  Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon bonny bank,
  Where Tay rins whimplin by sae clear,
And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
  And mak thee a man like thy daddy dear.

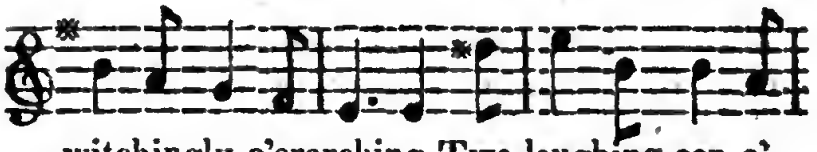
SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.



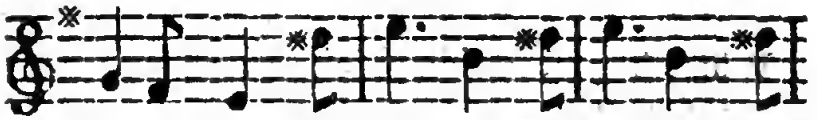
Sae flax-en were her ring-lets, Her



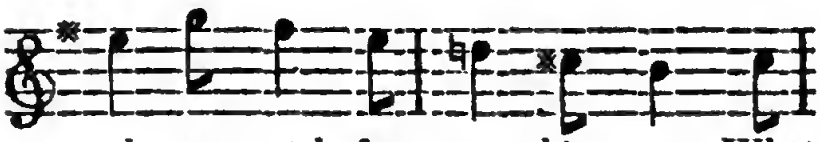
eye-brows of a dark - er hue, Be-



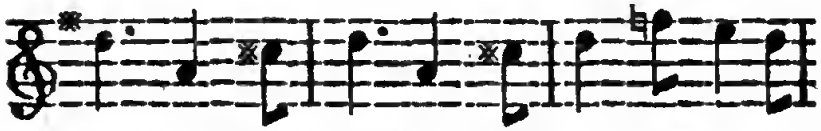
witchingly o'erarching Twa laughing een o'



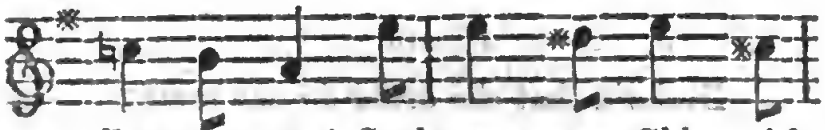
bonny blue. Her smiling, sae wyling, Wad



make a wretch for - - get his woe; What



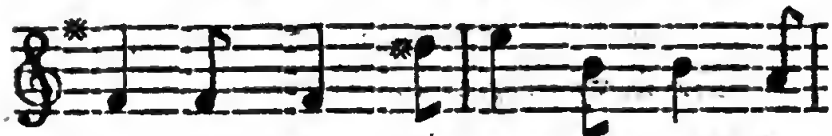
plea-sure, what treasure, Un - to these ro-sy



lips to grow! Such was my Chlo - ris'

bon - ny face, When first her bon - ny

face I saw; And ay my Chlo - ris'



dear - est charm, She says she loes me

best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,
  Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
  Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
  Her fau'tless form and gracefu' air,

Ilk feature—auld Nature
  Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
  By conqu'ring Beauty's sov'reign law;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
  She says she loes me best of a'.

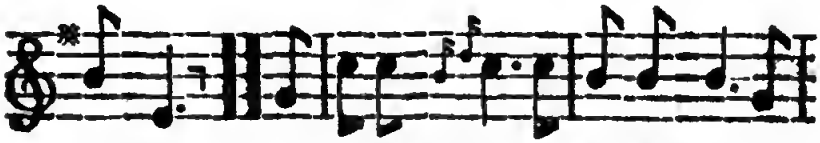
Let others love the city,
  And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
  The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
  Her silver light the boughs amang,
While falling, recalling,
  The am'rous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
  By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
  And say thou loes me best of a'.

I HAD A HORSE.

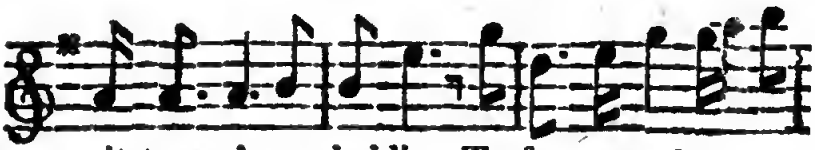
I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair, I

gat it frae my daddie; My purse was light,

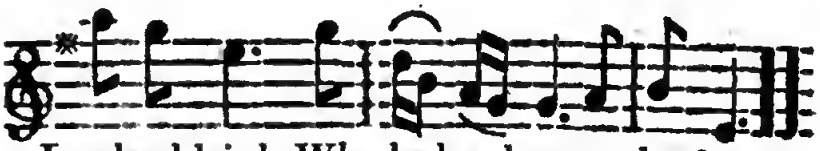
and my heart was sair, But my wit it was fu'



ready. So I bethought me on a time, Out-



wit-tens o' my daddie, To fee my-sel to a



Lawland laird, Wha had a bon-ny la-dy.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:
" Madam, be not offended;
" I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,
" And I carena though ye kend it:
" For I get little frae the laird,
" And far less frae my daddy,
" Yet I wad blythely be the man
" Wad strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh;
" Ye needna been sae blate, man,
" Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
" And tauld me a' your state, man:
" Ye might hae come to me yoursel,
" Outwittens o' ony body,
" And made John Goukston o' the laird,
" And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And vow, but I was vogie!
But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg
Since I cam frae my daddie;

The laird cam, rap, rap! to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me behint a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidy;
Where I lay like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddie.
The laird gade out, he saw na me,
I staid till I was ready;
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To see his bonny lady.

O POORTITH CAULD.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye break my peace between ye!
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
If 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth, when I think on
Its pride, and a' the lave o't,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why should fate, &c.

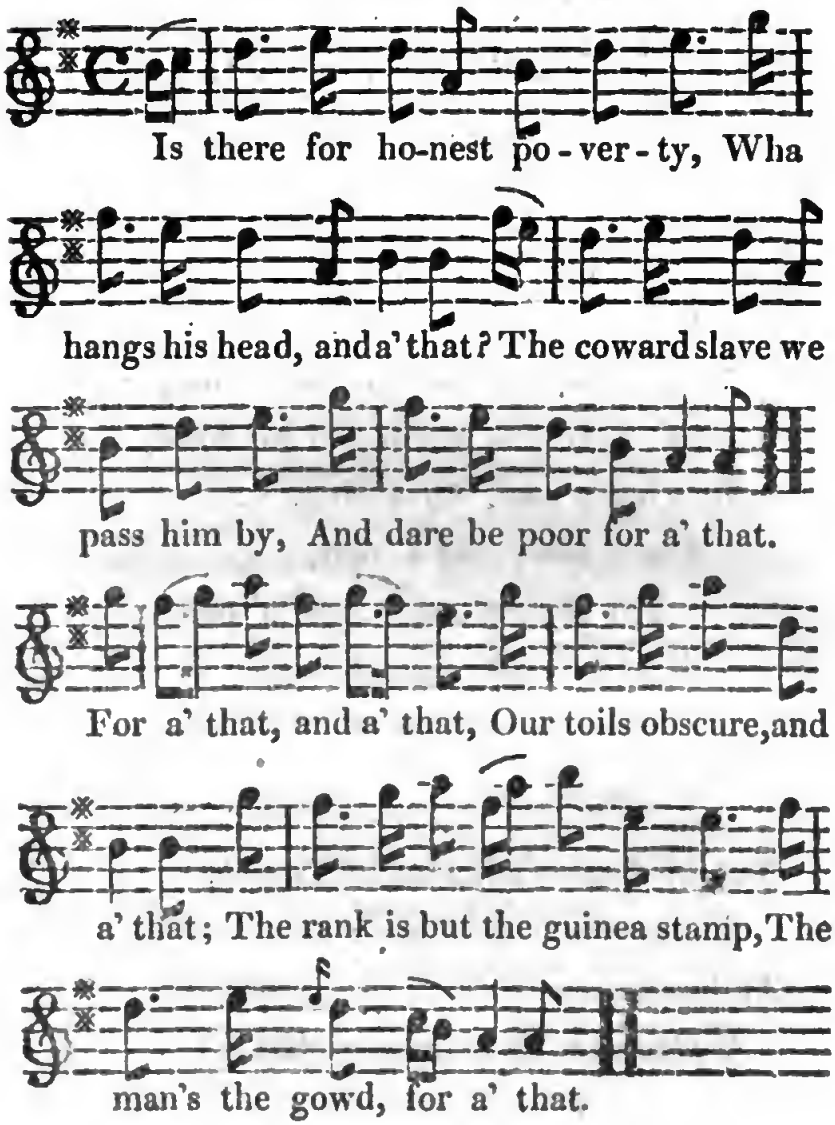
Her een, sae bonny blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She taks o' rank and fashion.
O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
Wi' sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never mak him eerie.
Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest band untwining?

Or sic a tender flow'r as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

THE HONEST MAN.



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What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel shew, and a' that;
An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
A man o' independent mind
Can look and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
An honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he manna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
His dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it shall, for a' that,
When sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man and man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be, and a' that.

THOUGH WOMEN'S MINDS.

Though women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,

The bonny lass that I lo'e best,
She'll be my ain, for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly *will*, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit and sense, and a' that;
A bonny lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime daur ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

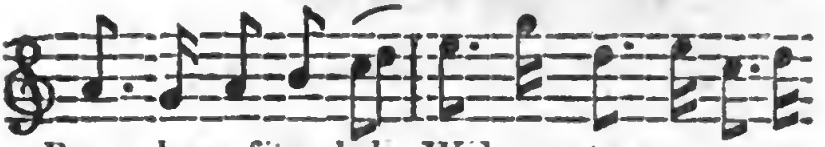
In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;

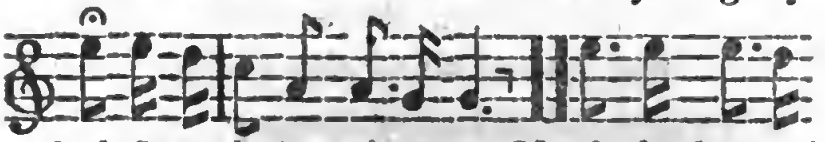
But clear your decks, and here's the sex!
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

KING ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

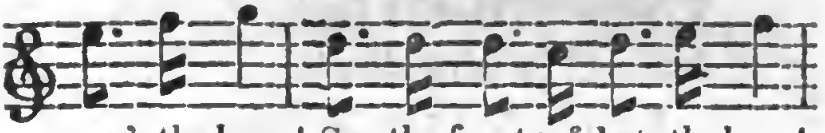
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled; Scots, wham



Bruce has af-ten led; Welcome to your go-ry

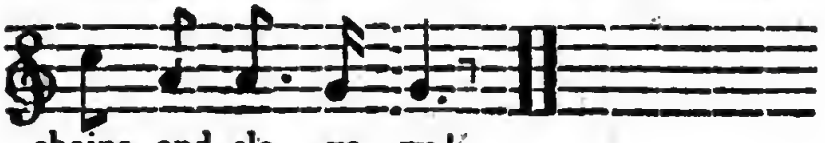


bed, Or to glorious vic-to-ry! Now's the day, and



now's the hour! See the front of bat-tle lour!

See approach proud Edward's pow'r! Edward,



chains, and sla - ve - ry!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Traitor, coward, turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'.
  Caledonian, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be, shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
  Forward!—let us do or die!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa, Jean,
  To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is ay fair, Jean,
  In the land o' the leal.

Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
  To the land o' the leal.
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudg'd her right sair, Jean,
  To the land o' the leal.

Dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me, Jean,
  In the land o' the leal.
Then fareweel my ain Jean;
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet, and ye be fain, Jean,
  In the land o' the leal.

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see;
Here's to the king
And this gude company.
Fill, fill a bumper high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him, fie! O fie!
That winna do't again.

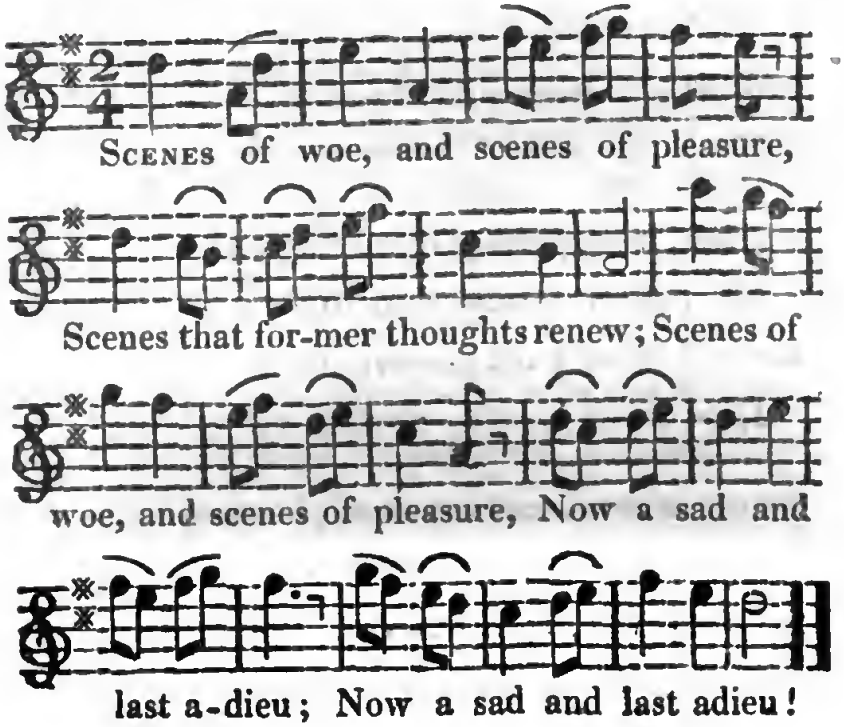
Here's to the king, boys!
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;
And ev'ry honest man, boys,
That will do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans;
They hae done it mair than anes,
And they'll do't again.
Fill, fill, &c.

When the pipes begin to strum
Tutti, tattie, to the drum,

Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again.
Fill, fill, &c.

BURNS' FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.



Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang:
Bonny Doon, where early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang.

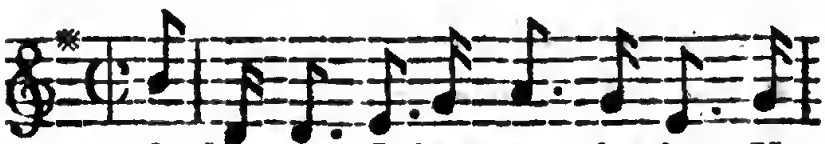
Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.

Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

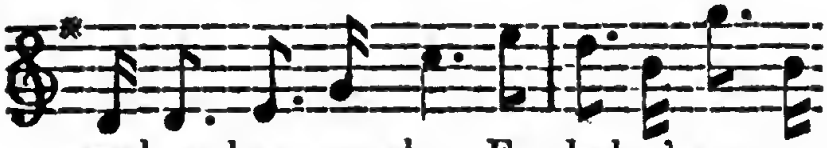
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be.

Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew:
Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

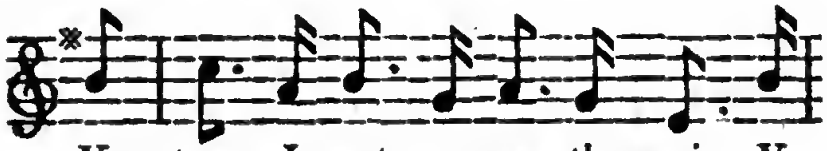


O Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye

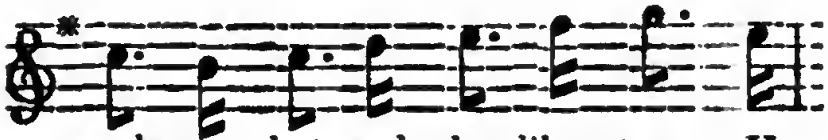


wad na been sae shy; For lack o' gear ye

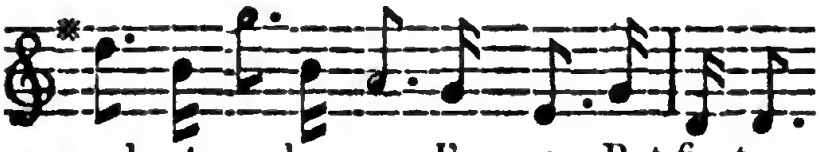
light-ly me; But, troth! I care na by.



Ye-streen I met you on the muir, Ye



spak na, but gade by like stoure; Ye



geck at me be-cause I'm poor; But fient a

hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
  Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me;
  But, troth! I care na by.
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me wi' a wink,
  Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
  Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me;
  But, troth! I care na by.
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
  That looks sae proud and high.

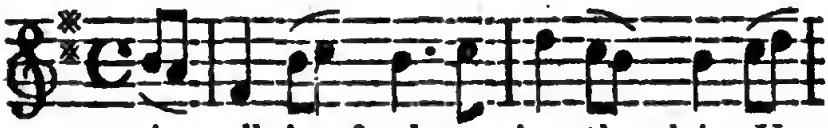
O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
  Ye wadna been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me;
  But, troth! I care na by.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he but want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

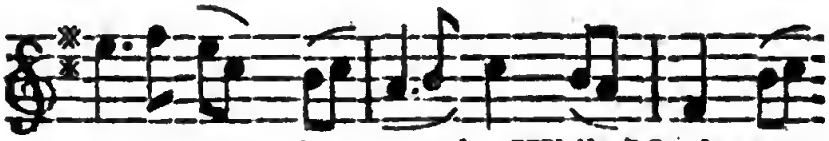
O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me;
But, troth! I care na by.
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me;
But, troth! I care na by.
There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her under sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.

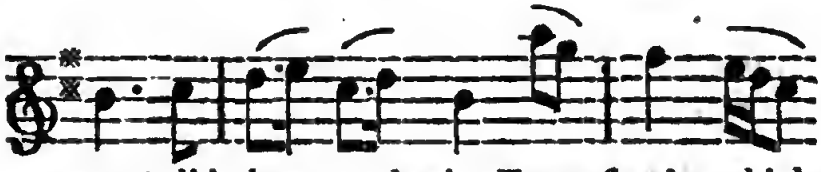
KATH'RINE OGIE.



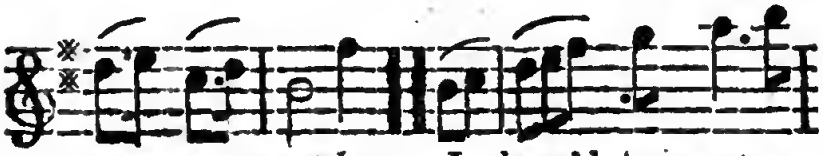
As walk-ing forth to view the plain, U-



pon a morn-ing ear - ly, While May's sweet

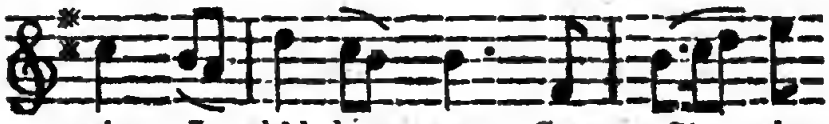


scent did cheer my brain, From flow'rs which



grew so rare-ly; I chanc'd to meet a

pret-ty maid, She shin'd, tho' it was fog-



gie: I ask'd her name; Sweet Sir, she

I stood a while, and did admire,
  To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear
  In a country maid so neatly:
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
  Like lilies in a bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
  Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
  Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
  Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
  Excels each clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
  My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
  To feed my flock beside thee;
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
  In milking to be abide thee.
I'd think myself a happier man,
  Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
  Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
  And statesmen's dangerous stations,
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
  I'd smile at conquering nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
  This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For they are toys, and still look less,
  Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
  For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
  All other works in nature.

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Clouds of despair surround my love,
  That are both dark and foggie;
Pity my case, ye Powers above!
  Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams, around
  The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
  Your waters never drumlie:
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
  And there they langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
  Of my dear Highland Mary.

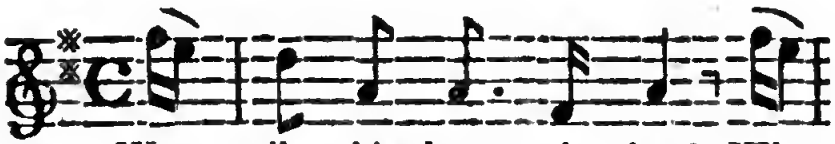
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
  How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
  I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

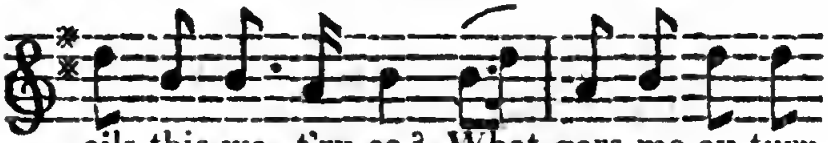
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flow'r so early;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now, in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

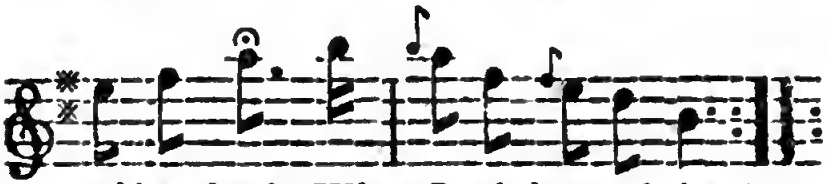
THE ABSENT LOVER.



WHAT ails this heart o' mine? What

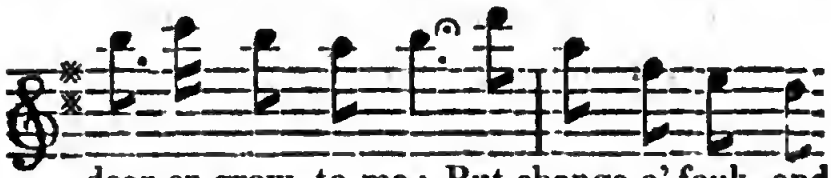


ails this wa-t'ry ee? What gars me ay turn

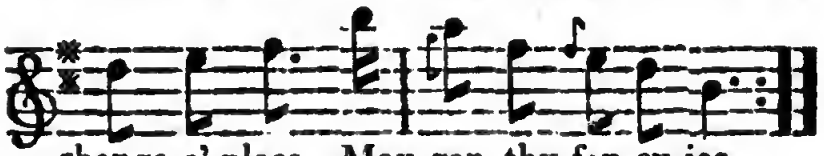


cauld as death, When I tak leave o' thee?

When thou art far a--wa, Thou'lt



dear-er grow to me; But change o' fouk, and



change o' place, May gar thy fan-cy jee.

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Then I'll sit down and moan,
  Just by yon spreading tree,
And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
  I'll ca't a word frae thee.
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
  Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there by mony a blushing bud
  I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
  Whare I hae been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,
  By ev'ry burn and tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
  Tho' lovers absent be,
And when I think I see thee still,
  I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

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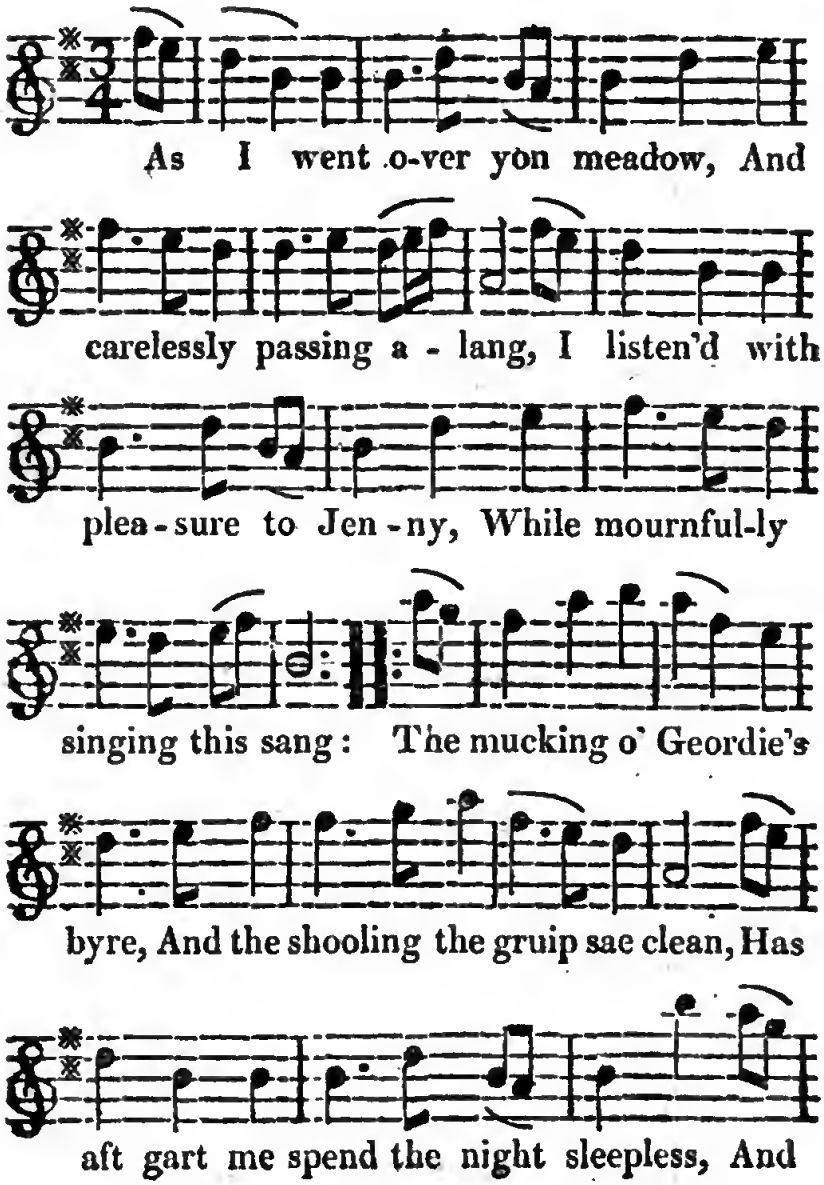
O, MARY, TURN AWA.

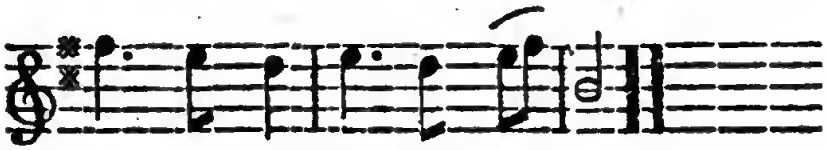
O, Mary, turn awa
That bonny face o' thine,
And dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine.
Can aught o' warld's gear
E'er cool my bosom's care?
Na, na, for ilka look o' thine,
It only feeds despair.

Then, Mary, turn awa
That bonny face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden sair,
And o'er my breast the grass maun grow,
Ere I am free frae care.

M

MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.





brought the saut tears frae my een.

It was nae my father's intention,
Nor was it my mither's desire,
That e'er I should fyle my fingers
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,
Or the day sae scoury and foul,
I wad ay be ganging wi' Geordie;
I lik'd it far better than school.
The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,
For being wi' Geordie sae free;
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.
The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
Although he was cunning and slee;
He ca's me his dear and his honey,
And I'm sure my Geordie loes me.
The mucking, &c.

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what maun I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummiller,
"Gude-day to you," brute, he comes ben;
He brags, and be blaws o' his siller,
But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten ;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Gen ?
Yestreen at the valentines dealin,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failin,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was wau'kin,
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry ;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

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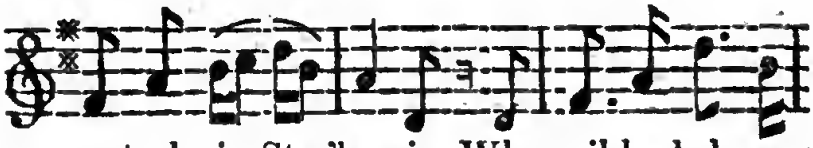
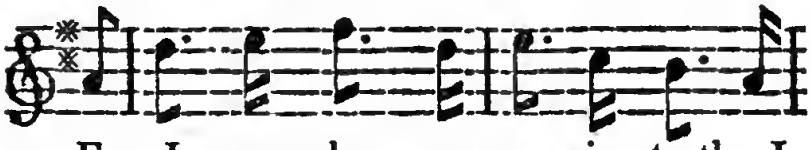
CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE's cauld kail in A - ber-deen, And



castocks in Stra'bo-gie, Whaur il-ka lad maun

hae his lass, But I maun hae my co-gie.



For I maun hae my co - gie, troth, I

can-na want my co - gie: I wadna gie my

three-gird cog For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd duck her in a bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, troth,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa-three todlin weans they hae,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses ay his cogie:
Crying, "Wae betide the three-gird cog!
"Oh, wae betide the cogie!
"It does mair skaith than a' the ills
"That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
And what they maist did laugh at,
She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gowff'd his haffet:

Crying, " Wae betide the three-gird cog !
" Oh, wae betide the cogie;
" It does mair skaith than a' the ills
" That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul,
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie;
And for ilk silly whingin fool,
We'll duck him in the bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, Sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gird cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

ANOTHER SET.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I hae but a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.

And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light;
Gie me a lass that's clean and tight,
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
  John Bull in countra dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
  Mynheer an al'mande prances:
In foursome reels the Scots delight;
At threesome they dance wond'rous light;
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
  Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

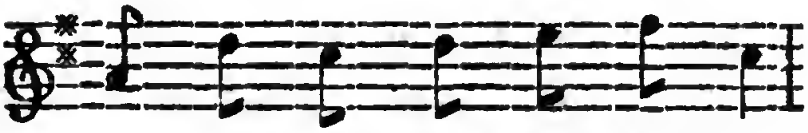
Come, lads, and view yourpartners well,
  Wale each a blythsome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
  She looks sae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The countra fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got his lass,
  Save yon auld doited Fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
  As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursels to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
  Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
  And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try each other to surpass,
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
  To dance the reel o' Bogie.

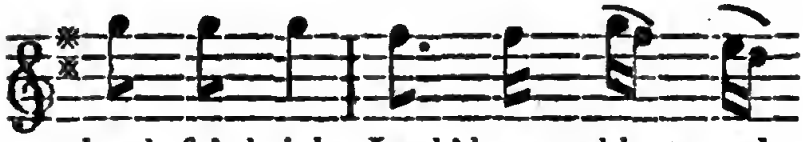
DUNCAN GRAY.

Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't, On

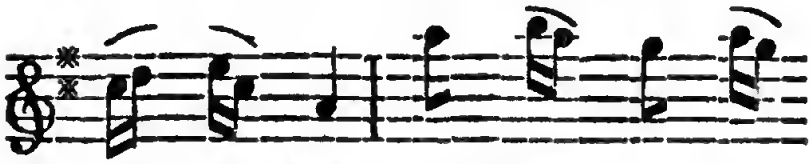


blythe Yule night, when we were fu',

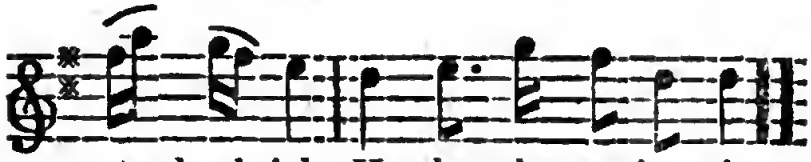
Ha, ha, the wooing o't. Maggie coost her



head fu' heigh, Look'd a - - sklent and



un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can



stand abeigh, Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin';
Spak o' lowpin o'er a lin,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

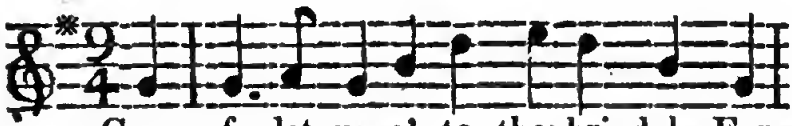
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

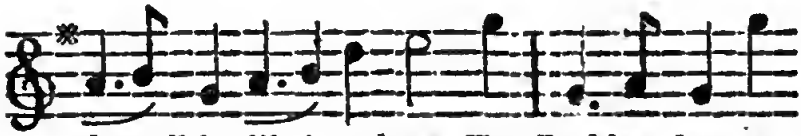
Something in her bosom wrings;
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan cou'd na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

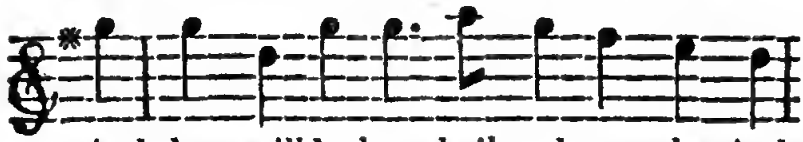


Come, fy let us a' to the bri-dal, For

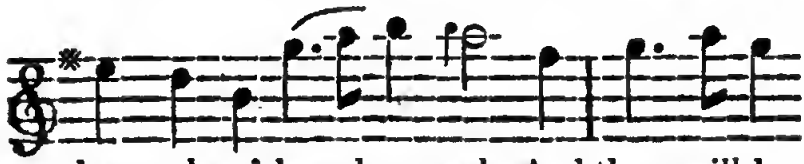


there'll be lilt-ing there, For Jock's to be mar-

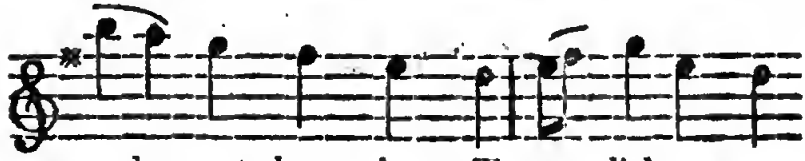
ried to Maggie, The lass wi' the gow-den hair.



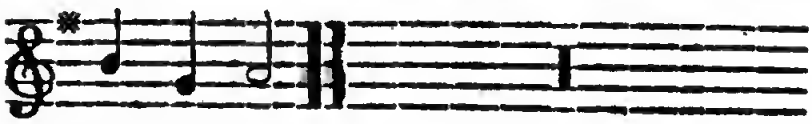
And there will be lang-kail and castocks, And



bannocks o' bar - ley meal, And there will be



gude saut her - ring, To re - lish a cog



o' gude ale.

And there will be Sandy the sutor,
  And Will wi' the meikle mou',
And there will be Tam the blutter,
  Wi' Andrew the tinkler, I trow:
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
  Wi' thum'less Katie's gudeman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
  And Lowrie the laird o' the lan'.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
  And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
  That wins in the howe o' the hill:
And there will be Alister Sibbie,
  Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool;
Wi' snivelling Lilly, and Tibbie,
  The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
  And coft him grey breeks to his —,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
  Great mercy it happen'd nae warse.
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
  And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
  And play'd the fool in Mons-Meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
  And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
  And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg:
And there will be happer-a—'d Nancy,
  And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name;
Muck Maddie, and fat-hipped Girsy,
  The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibby,
  Wi' his glaikit wife Jeany Bell,
And mizzled-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
  The lad that was skipper himsel.

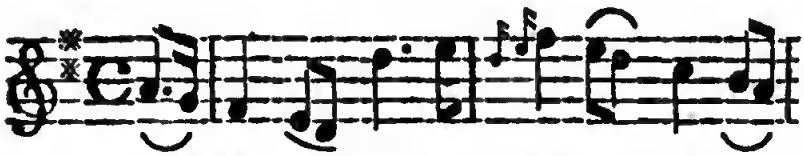
There lads and lasses in pearlings,
  Will feast in the heart o' the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
  That was baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
  And fouth o' good gabbocks o' skate;
Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
  And cauler nowt feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
  And whitens and speldings enew,
Wi' singit sheep-heads and a haggis,
  And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

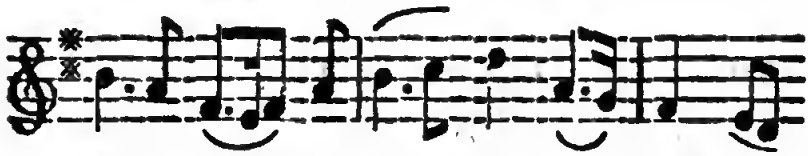
And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
  And sowens, and farls, and baps,
Wi' swats and weel-scraped painches,
  And brandy in stoups and in caups;
And there will be meal-kail and parritch,
  Wi' skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
  O' fleuks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,
And a mill o' gude snishin to prie;
When weary wi' eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

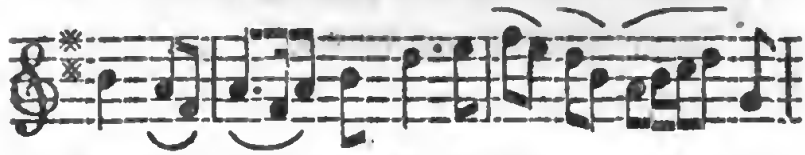


The last time I came o'er the muir, I



left my love be - hind me: Ye pow'rs! what

pain do I en - dure, When soft i - - de - as



Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
  Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd, and promis'd time away,
  Till night spread her black curtain:
I pitied all beneath the skies,
  Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
  Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
  Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
  Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
  To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
  In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
  To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
  In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
  Their waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
  Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
  She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
  Though I left her behind me.

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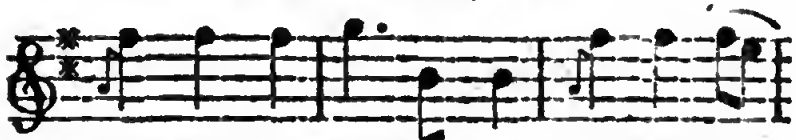
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

HAD I A CAVE.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,

Where the wind howl to the wave's dashing roar;



There would I weep my woes, There seek my

lost re-pose, Till grief my eyes should close,

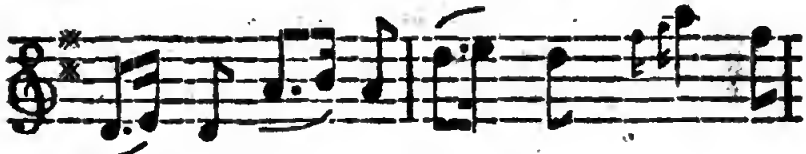
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there.

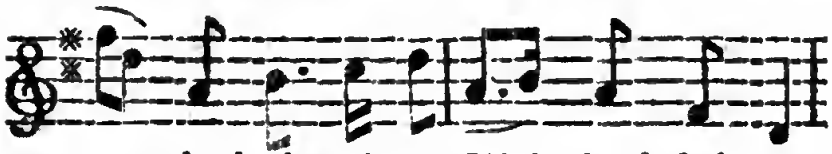
THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads think they are fine, But

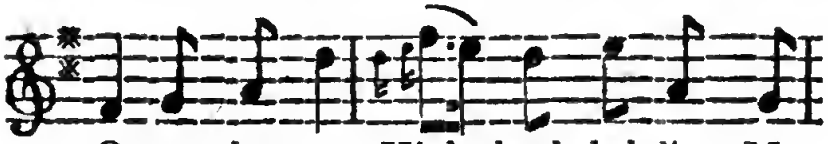
O they're vain and id - ly gau - dy; How



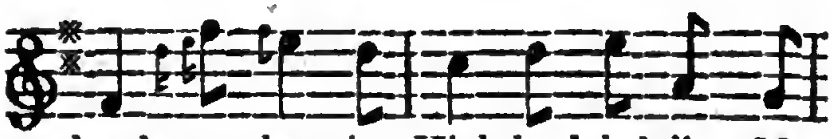
much un - like the grace - fu' mein, And



man-ly looks of my High-land lad-die.

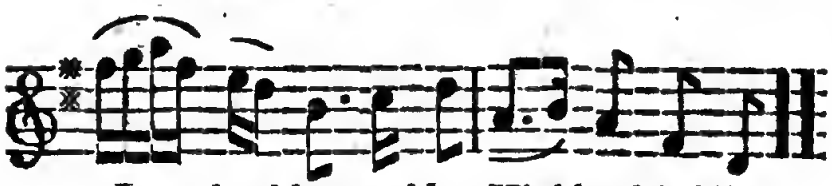


O my bon-ny High-land lad-die, My



handsome charming High-land lad-die; May

heav'n still guard, and love re-ward, The



Law-land lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld, and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
O my bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland lassie;
May never care mak thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bliss my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks wi' patches mottie,
I'd tak my Katie but a gown,
Bare-footed, in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

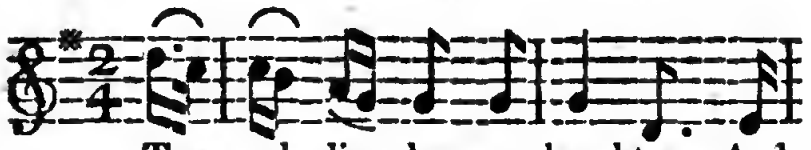
Beneath the brier or breckan bush,
  Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
  My flighterin heart gangs pittie-pattie.
    O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stend,
  Wi' cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out o' their den,
  To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
    O my bonny, &c.

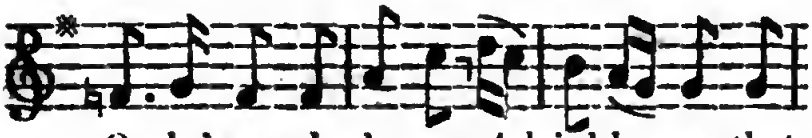
There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
  'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my trusty sword,
  Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
    O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
  And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fouk gloom,
  While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
    O my bonny, &c.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.



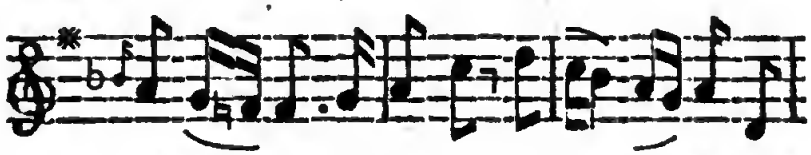
THE col - lier has a daughter, And



O, she's wonder bonny, A laird he was that

sought her, Rich baith in lands and money.

The tu - tors watch'd the mo - tion Of



this young honest lover; But love is like the

o - cean, Wha can its deeps dis-co-ver?

He had the art to please ye,
  And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
  Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
  Fair as the new-blown lily,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
  Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression,
  The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession;
  His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
  Close to his breast he held her,
In saftest flames dissolving,
  He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
  Let naething discompose ye;
It's no your scanty tocher
  Shall ever gar me lose ye:

For I hae gear in plenty,
  And love says it's my duty,
To wair what heav'n has lent me,
  Upon your wit and beauty.

BONNY LESLEY.

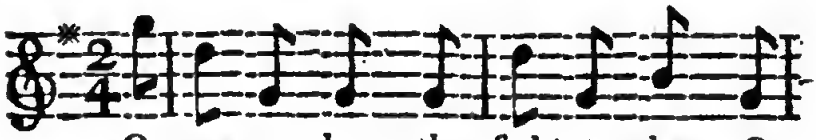
O saw ye bonny Lesley,
  As she gade o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
  To spread her conquests farther.
To see her is to love her,
  And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
  And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
  Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
  The hearts o' men adore thee.

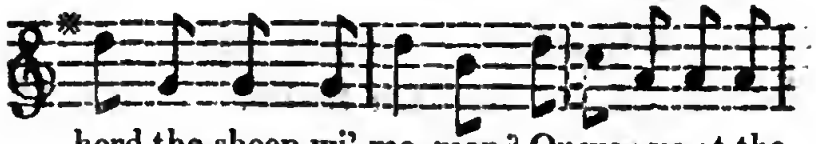
The de'il he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune shanna steer thee;
Thou'rt like themsels, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonny.

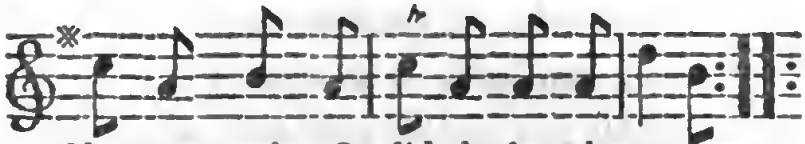
THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-MUIR.



O CAM ye here the fight to shun, Or



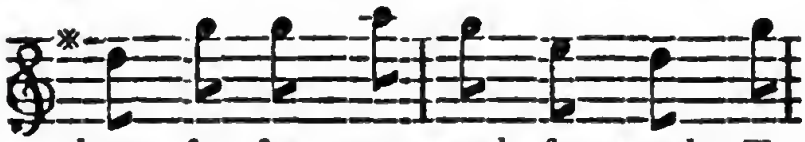
herd the sheep wi' me, man? Or was ye at the



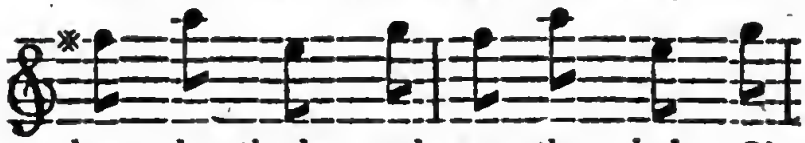
Sher-ra-muir, Or did the bat-tle see, man?

I saw the bat-tle sair and teugh, And

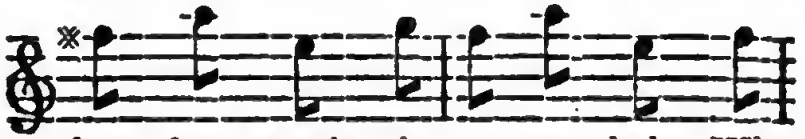
reek-in red ran mony a sheugh; My



heart for fear gae sough for sough, To



hear the thuds, and see the cluds, O'



clans frae woods, in tar-tan duds, Wha

glaum'd at king-doms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
  To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
  And mony a book did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles;
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
  Till fey men died awa, man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
  And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
  And covenant true-blues, man.
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
  They fled like frighted dows, man.

O, how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
  The chace gade frae the north, man;

I saw, mysel, they did pursue
  The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight:
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a hunted, poor red-coat,
  For fear amaist did swarf, man.

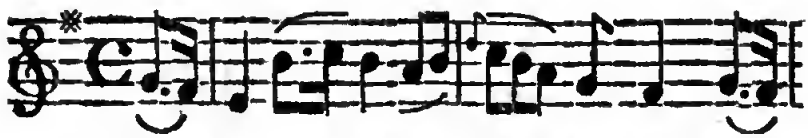
My sister Kate cam up the gate,
  Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
  To Perth and to Dundee, man.
Their left-hand general had nae skill;
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neibours' blude to spill;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
  And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
  Amang the Highland clans, man;

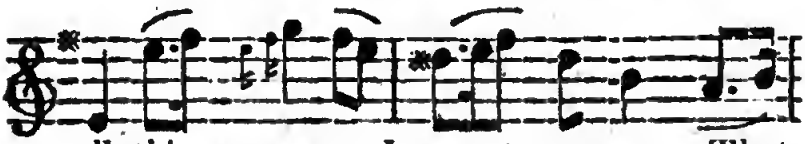
O

I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
  Or in his en'mies hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gude-night.
Sae pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
How tories fell, and whigs to h-ll
  Flew aff in frighted bands, man.

ROSLIN CASTLE.



'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When

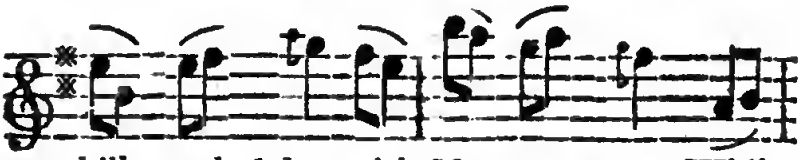


all things gay and sweet ap-pear, That

Co-lin, with the morn-ing ray, A-

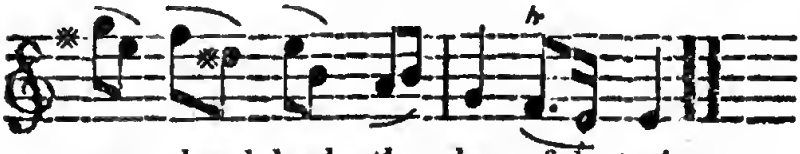
rose and sung his ru - - ral lay. Of

Nan - ny's charms the shep - herd sung, The



hills and dales with Nan-ny rung; While

Ros - - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And



e - choed back the cheer - ful strain.

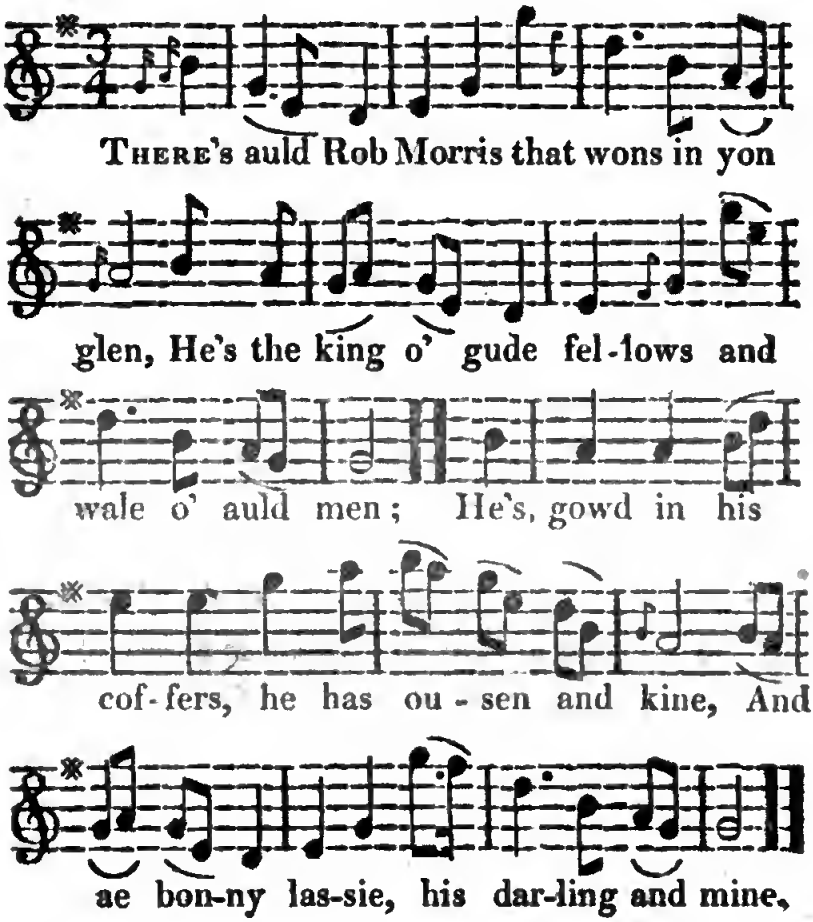
Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:

To Nanny raise the chearful lay;
O!! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

AULD ROB MORRIS.



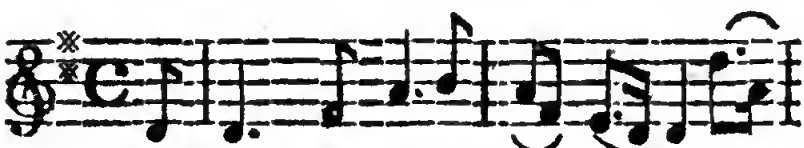
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

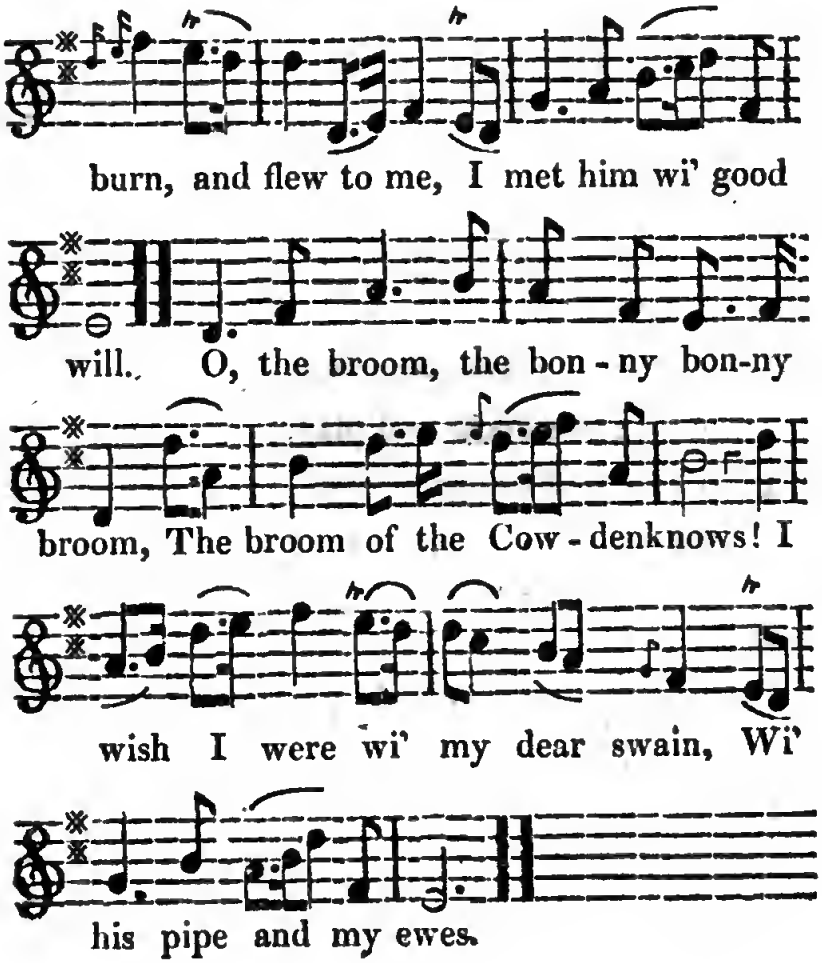
O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.



How blythe was I ilk morn to see My

swain come o'er the hill! He leap'd the



I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flocks near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

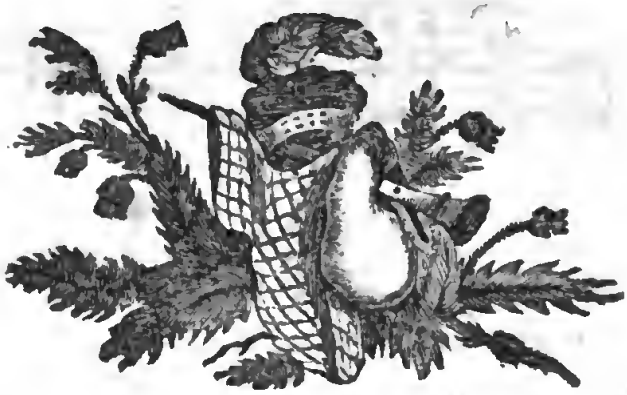
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er sae rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, &c.

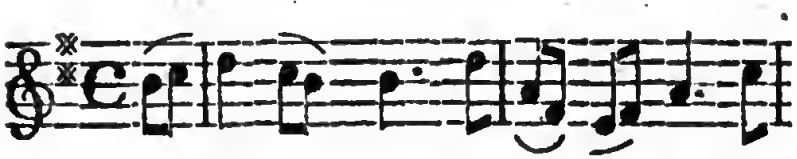
He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me.
O, the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
Maun now lie useless by.
O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
It's a' I crave or care.
O, the broom, &c.



LOGAN WATER.

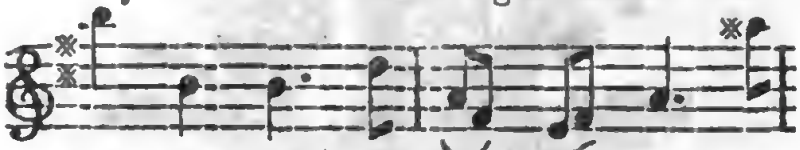


By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu'

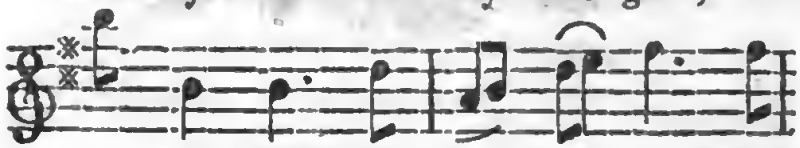
aft wi' glee I've herd - ed sheep, I've

herd - ed sheep, and ga-ther'd slaes, Wi'

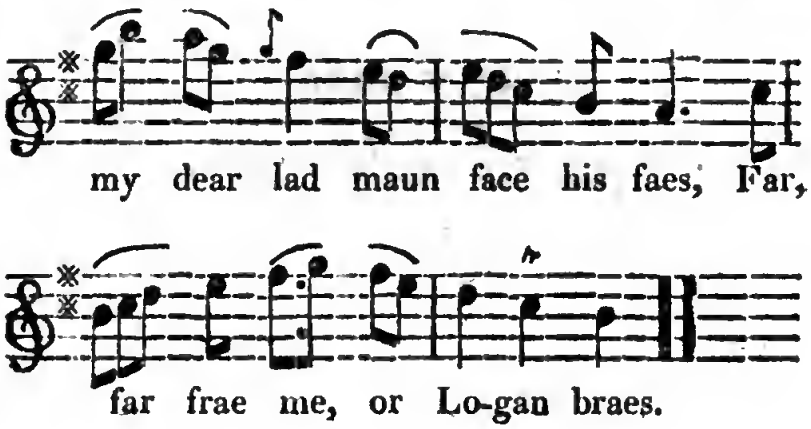
my dear lad on Lo-gan braes. But



waes my heart! thae days are gane, And



I, wi' grief, may herd a-lane, While



Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
Weel may I sing, thae days are gane,
Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

LOGAN BRAES.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumly winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs;
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy e'e,
And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;

Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his sang her cares beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willy's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan's braes!

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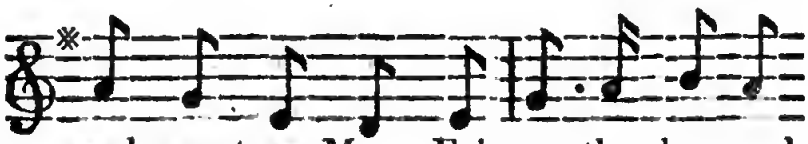
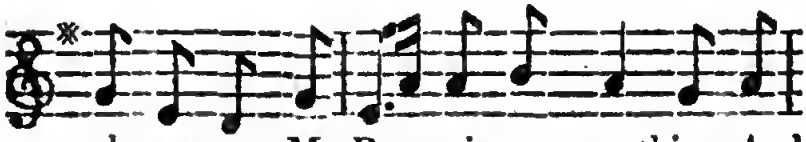
WAWKING O' THE FAULD.

My Peggy is a young thing, just

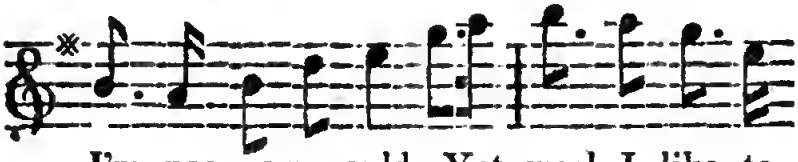
enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day,



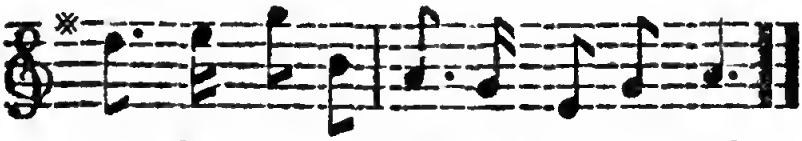
and sweet as May, Fair as the day, and



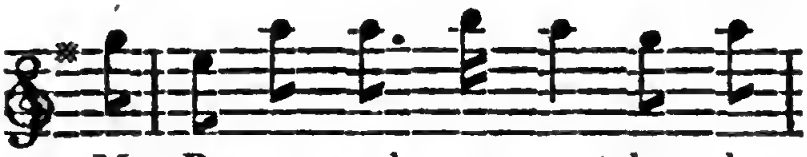
always gay; My Peggy is a young thing, And



I'm nae ve-ry auld, Yet weel I like to

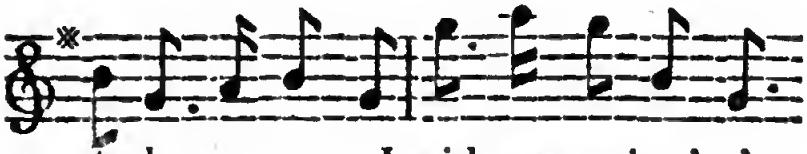


meet her At the wawking o' the fauld.

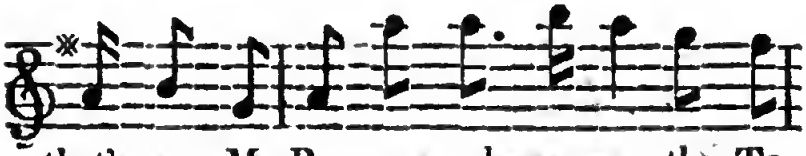


My Peg-gy speaks sae sweet-ly, when-

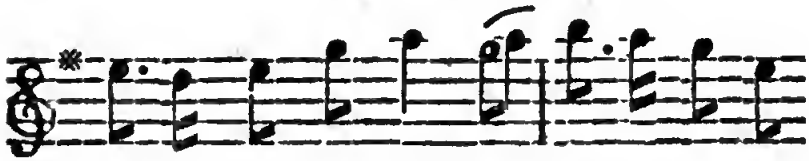
e'er we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair



to lay my care, I wish nae mair o' a'



that's rare; My Peg-gy speaks sae sweetly, To



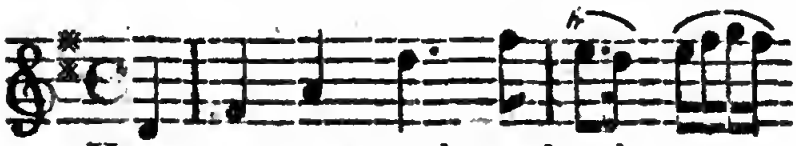
a' the lave I'm cauld, But she gars a' my

spi-rits glow At wawk-ing o' the fauld.

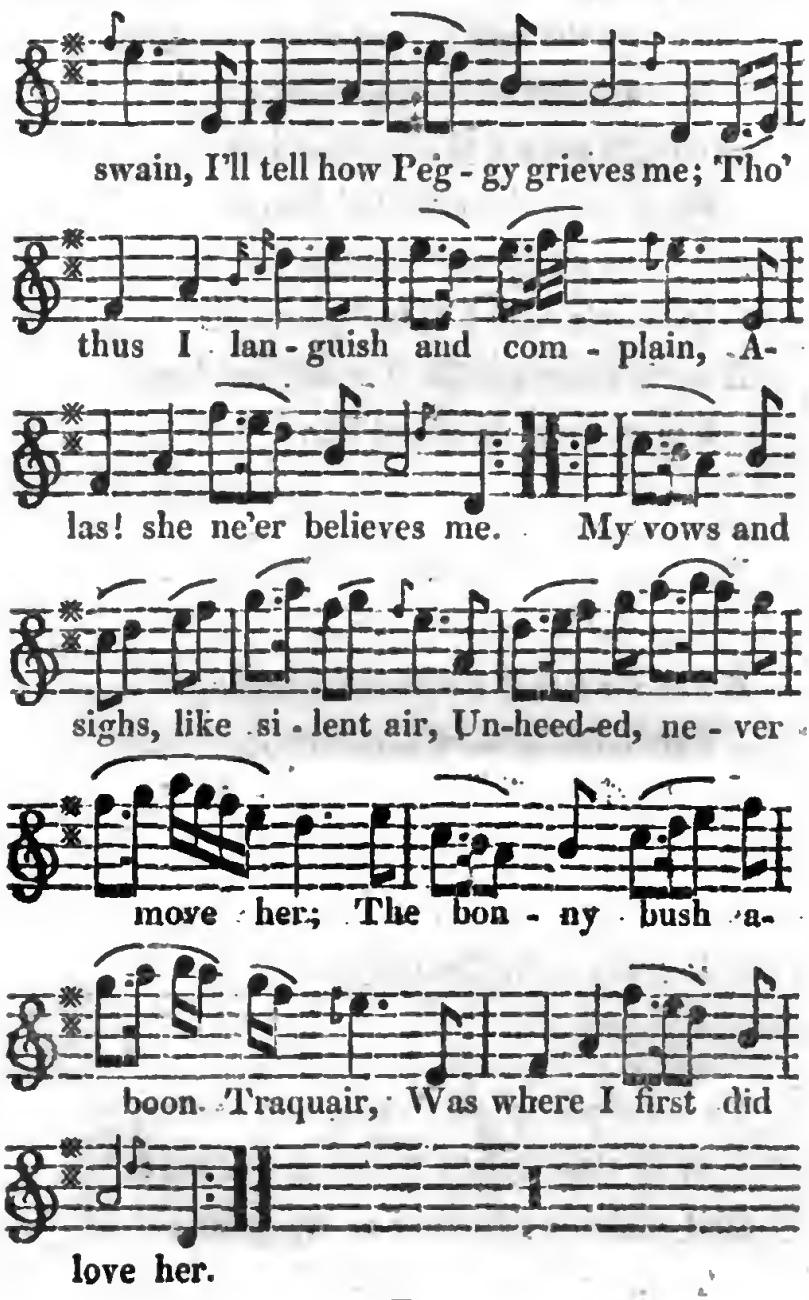
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It maks me blythe and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight
As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest that she sings best:
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wawking o' the fauld.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - ry


swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy grieves me; Tho'
thus I lan - guish and com - plain, A-
las! she ne'er believes me. My vows and
sighs, like si - lent air, Un-heed-ed, ne - ver
move her; The bon - ny bush a-
boon Traquair, Was where I first did
love her.

P

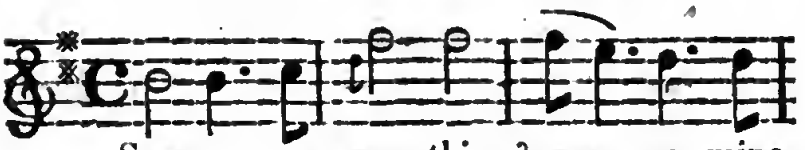
That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender :
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame ;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May ;
Its sweets I'll ay remember :
But now her frowns make it decay ;
It fades as in December.

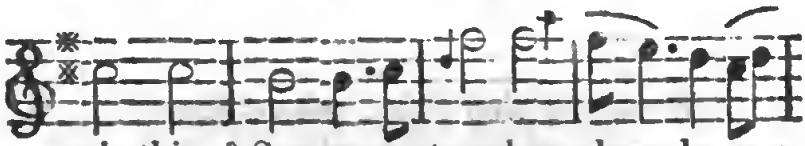
Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains ;
Then let her smiles relieve me.

If not, my love will turn despair;
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

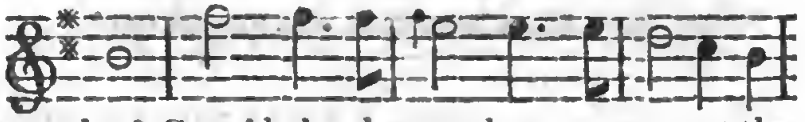
MARY OF CASTLE CARY.



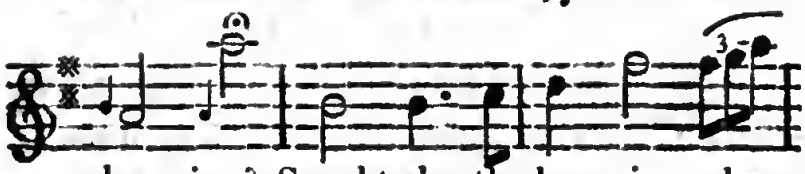
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine



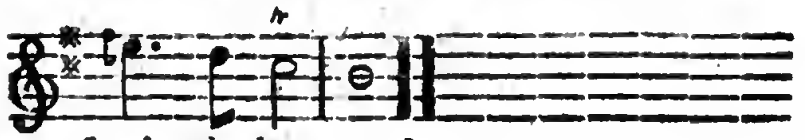
ain thing? Saw ye my true-love, down by yon



lee? Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the



gloam-ing? Sought she the bur-nie, where



flow'rs the haw-tree?

" Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;
" Dark is the blue o' her saft-rolling ee!
" Red, red her lip is, and sweeter than roses:
" Whare could my wee thing wander frae me?"

' I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
' Nor saw I your true-love down by yon lee:
' But I met my bonny thing late in the gloamin,
' Down by the burnie, whare flow'rs the haw-tree.

' Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-
' white;
' Dark was the blue o' her saft-rolling ee;
' Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
' Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

" It was na my wee thing, it was na mine ain thing,
" It was na my true-love ye met by the tree:
" Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
" She never lo'ed leman till ance she lo'ed me.

" Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
" Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee.
" Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
" Young braggart, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee."

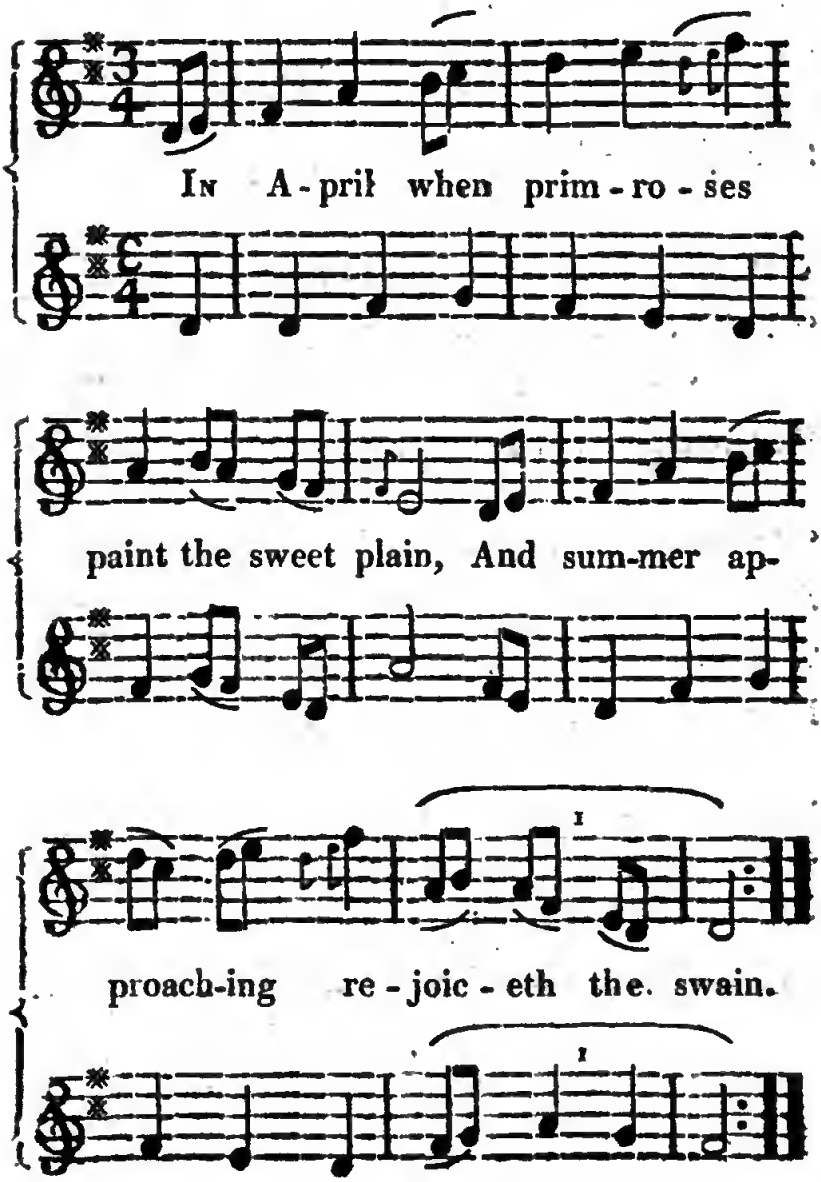
'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
'It was then your true-love I met by the tree.
'Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
'Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.'

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee:
"Ye'se rue sair this morning, your boasting and "scorning;
"Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!"

'Awa wi' beguiling,' then cried the youth, smiling:
Aff gade the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark-rolling ee.

"Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
"Is it my true-love here that I see?"
'O Jamie, forgie me! your heart's constant to me:
'I'll never mair wander, my true-love, frae thee.'

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.



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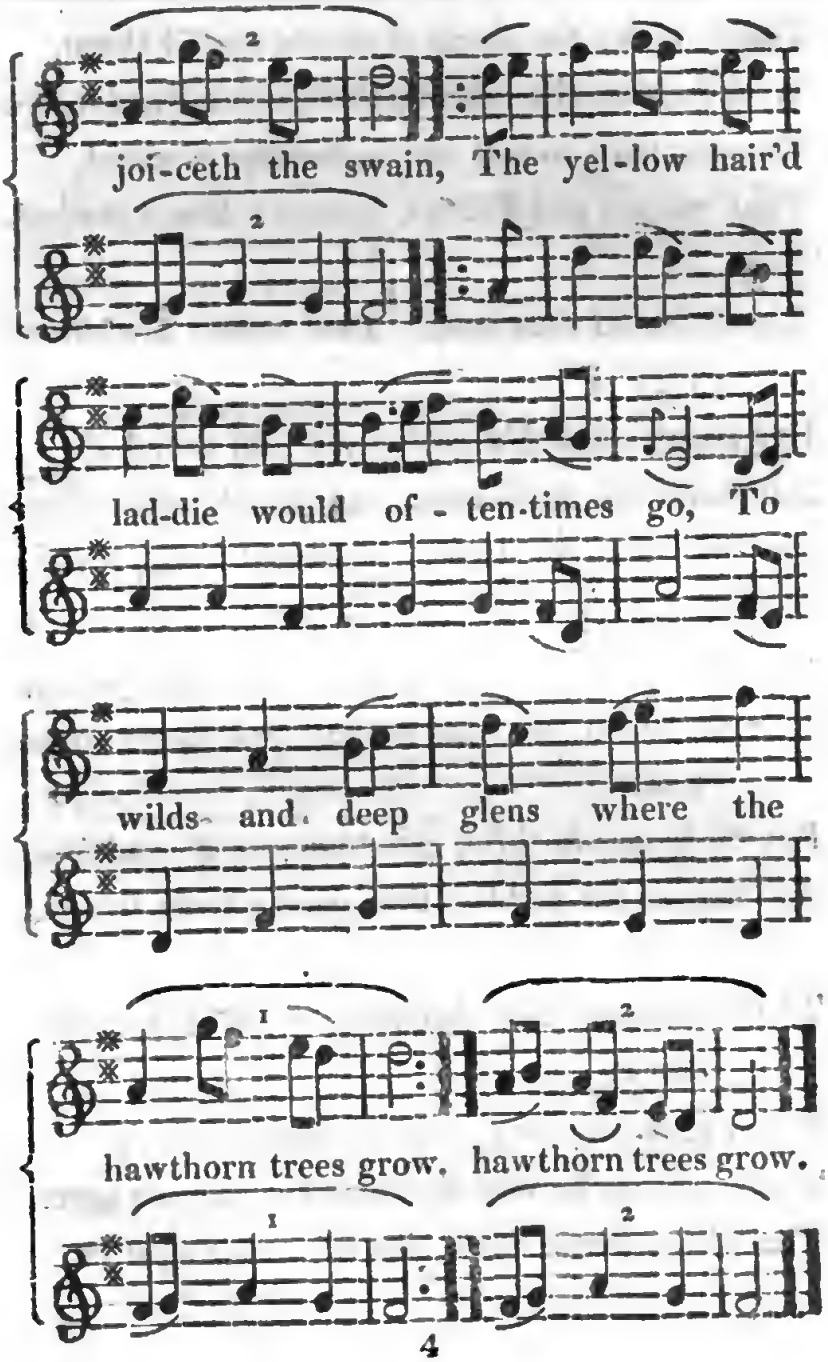

joi-ceth the swain, The yel-low hair'd
lad-die would of - ten-times go, To
wilds and deep glens where the
hawthorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom, he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn:
He sung with so soft and inchanting a sound,
That sylvans and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be:

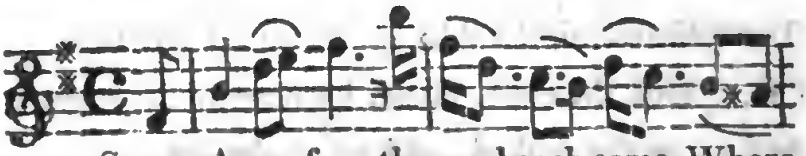
THE ORIGINAL WORDS.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;
And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my gudeman.
And ay as she milked, &c.

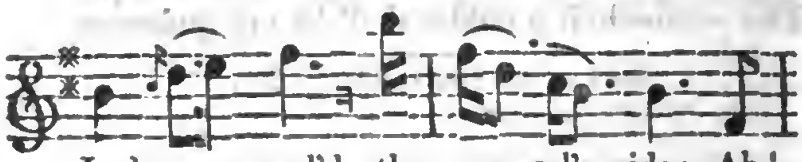
The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thn,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, although I should die;
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The gudewife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
Though butter and cheese, and a' should e'en sour,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae lang hauf hour:
It's ae lang hauf hour, and we'se e'en mak it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my gudeman shall be.

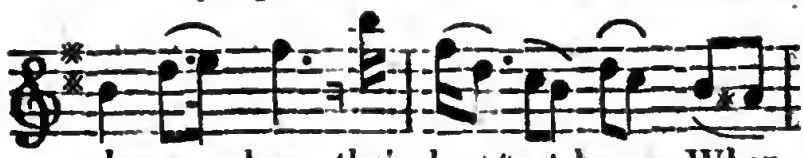
SWEET ANNY.



SWEET Anny frae the sea-beach came, Where

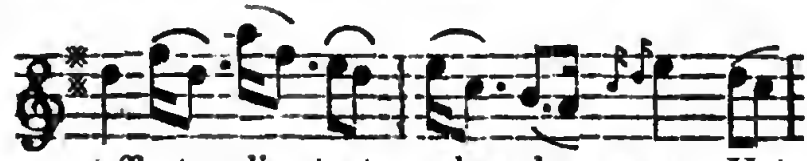


Jock-ey speel'd the ves-sel's side; Ah!



wha can keep their heart at hame, When

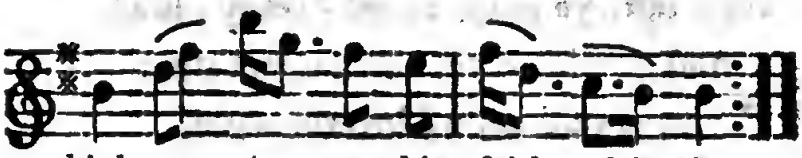
Jock-ey's tost a-boon the tide. Far



aff to dis-tant realms he gangs, Yet

I'll prove true, as he has been; And

when ilk lass a - bout him thrangs, He'll



think on An - ny, his faith - fu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen;
  Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me;
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
  And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
What though my Jockey's far away,
  Tost up and down the dinsome main;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
  Since Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
  And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jockey wad be troubled sair,
  To see his friend his love betray:
For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
  While Jockey's notes do faithfu' flow;

My heart to him shall true remain;
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jockey's head,
And gar the waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail wi' breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What though my Jockey's far away;
Yet he will braw in siller shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may again be mine.

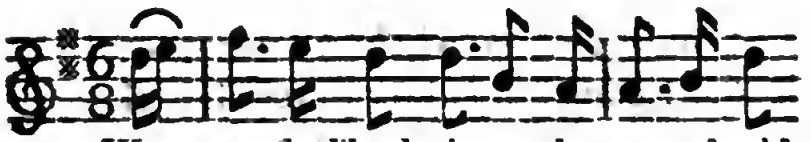
WI' WAEFU' HEART.

Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowing ee,
I saw my Jamie sail awa:
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he past the Berwick Law.
How joyless now seem'd a' behind!
I ling'ring stray'd alang the shore;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind,
That I might never see him more.

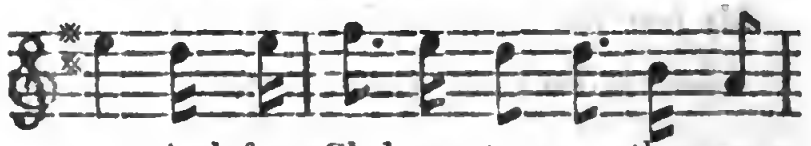
The night came on wi' heavy rain,
  Loud, fierce, and wild the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
  Ah, hapless maid! thy fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries;
  The wreck was seen with dawning day:
My love was found, and now he lies
  Low in the isle o' gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
  The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burden'd heart, to pour
  Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb.
Wi' sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,
  And 'tend them through the langsome year;
I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,
  Wi' deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

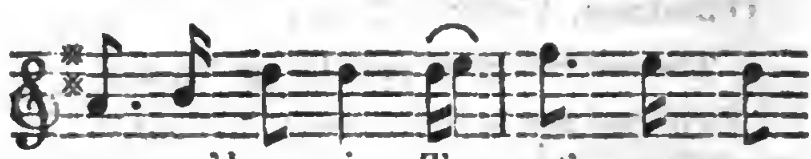
THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.



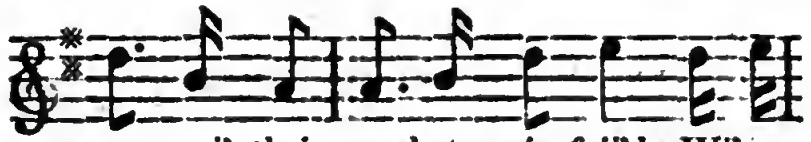
When war had broke in on the peace o' auld



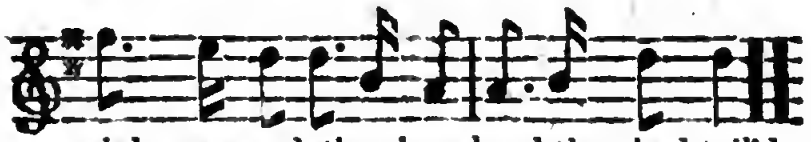
men, And frae Chel-sea to arms they were



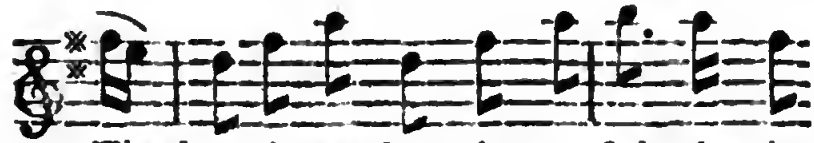
sum-mon'd a-gain, T'wa vet'-rans grown



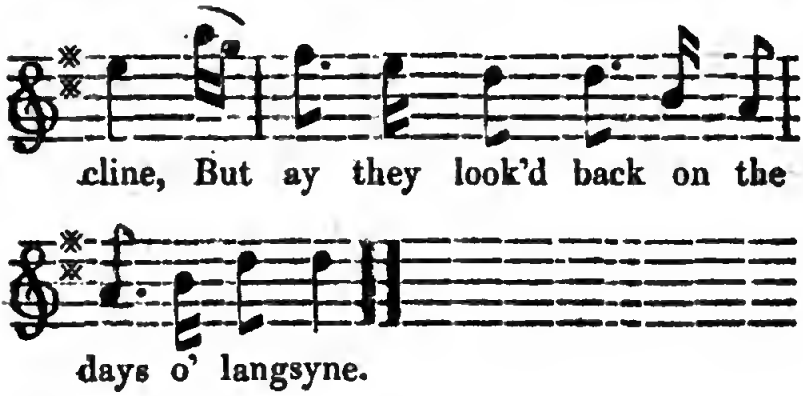
grey, wi' their muskets sair foil'd, Wi' a



sigh, were relating how hard they had toil'd.



The drum it was beat-ing to fight they in-

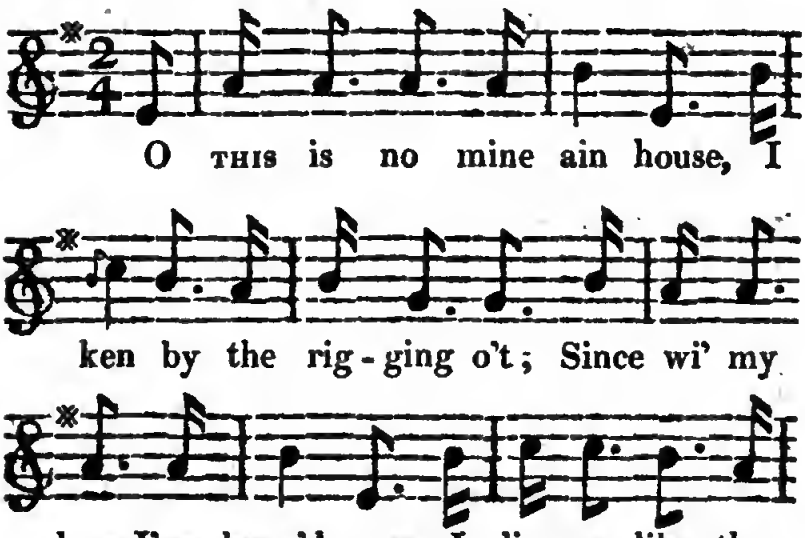


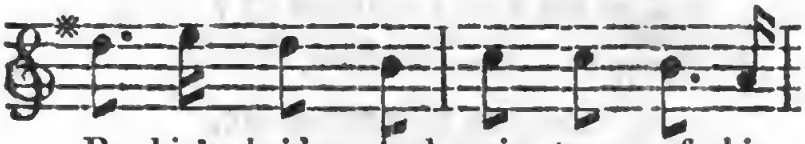
Hech, Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime,
The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day.
Still again I wad venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Could our gen'ral but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

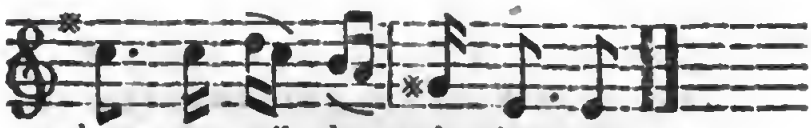
But garrison duty is a' we can do;
Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are
still true:
We car'd na for dangers by land or by sea,
For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me.
And though at our fate we may sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
They shar'd o' our danger, though ever sae hard,
Nor car'd we for plunder, when sic our reward.
Ev'n now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
And to share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.







Then fareweel to my father's house;
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

Q

When I am in mine ain house,
  True love shall be at hand ay,
To mak me still a prudent spouse,
  And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane weary of his wife,
  And breaks the kindly band ay.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN LASSIE.

O THIS is NO mine ain lassie,
  Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
  Kind love is in her ee.

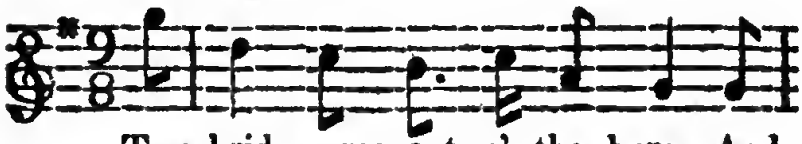
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
  The kind love that's in her ee.
    O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

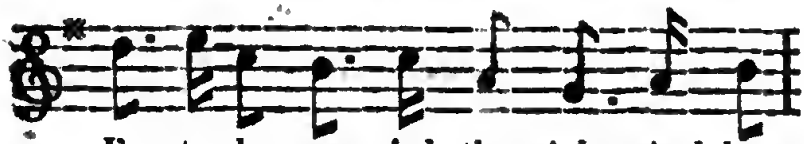
It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in the ee.
O this is no, &c.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.



The bride came out o' the byre, And

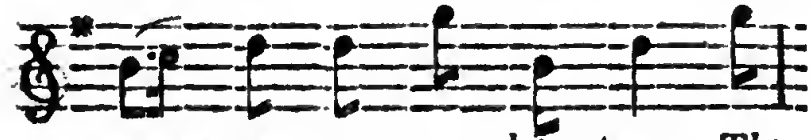
O, as she dight-ed her cheeks! Sirs,



I'm to be mar-ried the night, And hae

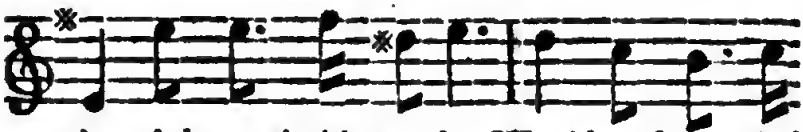
nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets; Hae

nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor

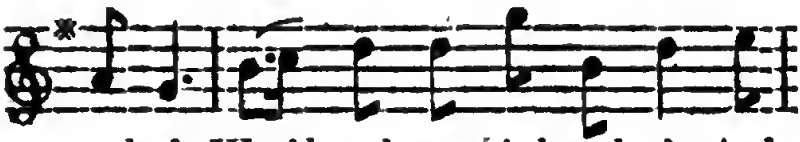


scarce a co-ver-let too; The

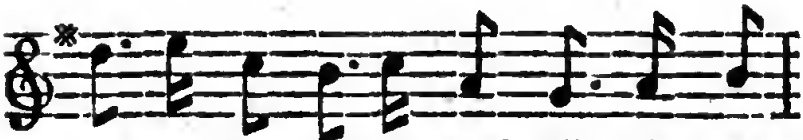
bride that has a' thing to bor-row Has



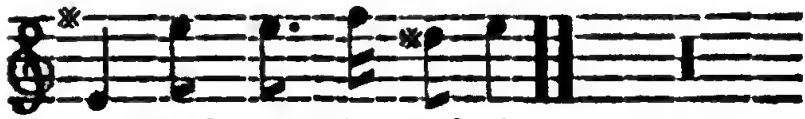
e'en right mei-kle a-do. Woo'd and married



and a', Woo'd and mar-ried and a', And



was na she ve-ry weel aff, That was



woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

Out then spak the bride's father,
As he cam in frae the pleugh,
O haud your tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear eneugh;

The stirk that stands i' the tether,
And our braw baws'nt yad,
Will carry ye hame your corn;
What wad ye be at, ye jad?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Neist out spak the bride's mither,
What de'il needs a' this pride!
I had na a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride:
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskings,
Far mair than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Though we be scant o' claise?
We'll creep the closer thegither,
And we'll smoor a' the fleas:
Simmer is soon coming on,
And we'll get teats o' woo,

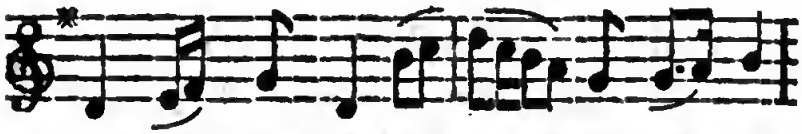
And likewise a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claise anew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spak the bride's brither,
As he cam in wi' the kye,
Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise ne'er tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

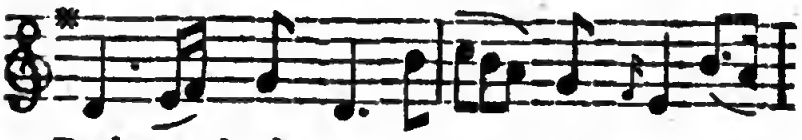
Out spak the bride's sister,
As she cam in frae the byre,
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire.
But we poor fouk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride;

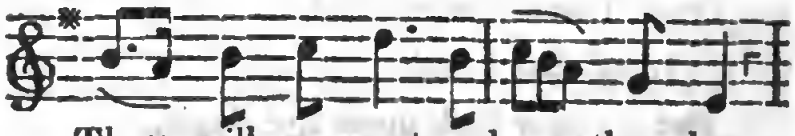


Busk ye, busk ye, my win-some mar-row;



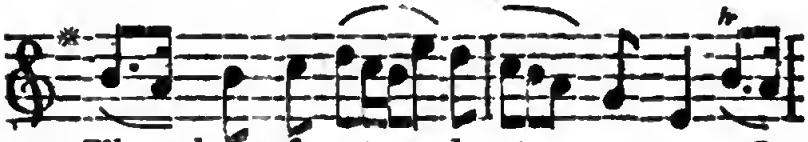
Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-ny bride, And

let us to the braes of Yar-row.



There will we sport and ga-ther dew,

Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning:

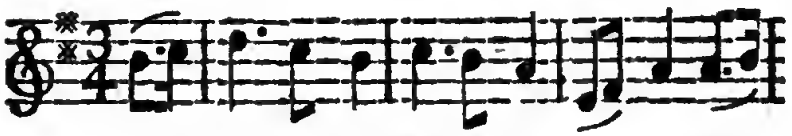


To westlin breezes Flora yields,
  And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blytheness appears o'er all the fields,
  And Nature looks mair fair and charming.
Learn frae the burns, that trace the mead,
  Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
  And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

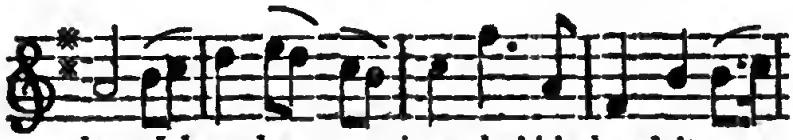
Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
  Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
  I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
  Wha rais'd my hopes wi' kind relenting:

O, queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

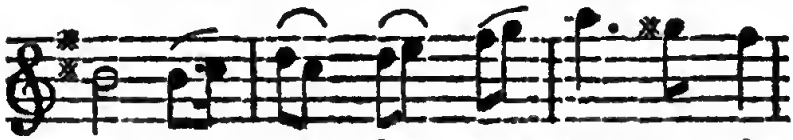
THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE, &c.



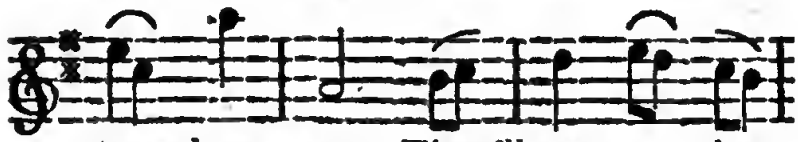
By yon castle wa', at the close o' the



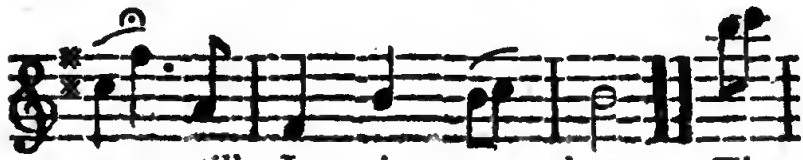
day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was



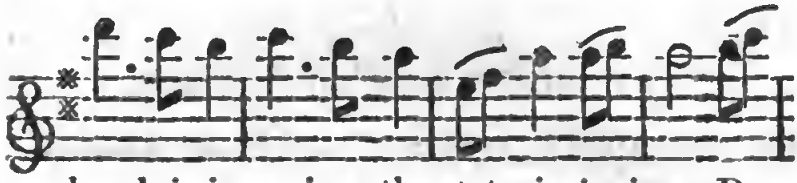
grey, And as he was sing-ing, the



tears down came; There'll ne - ver be

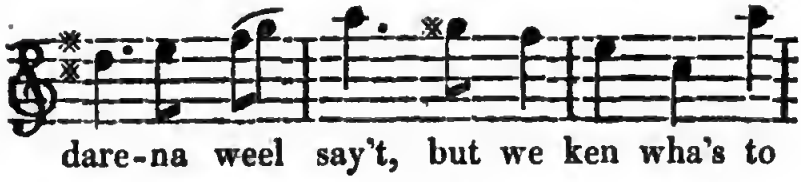


peace till Ja - mie comes hame. The

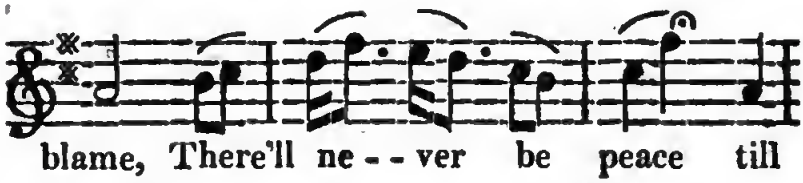


church is in ru-ins, the state is in jars, De-

lusions, oppressions, and murderous wars; We



dare-na weel say't, but we ken wha's to



blame, There'll ne - - ver be peace till

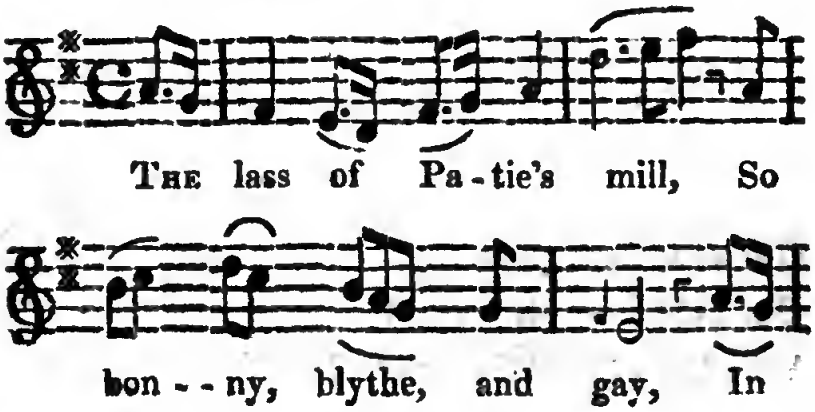
Ja - mie comes hame.

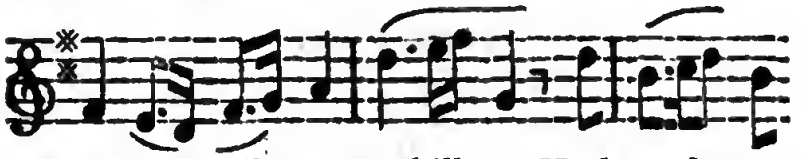
Sin' Jamie was banish'd, and Willie came o'er,
Our sports are grown irksome, and life it is sour
Our nobles are strangers to honour or fame,
Wha bows to another while Jamie's frae hame.

Tho' many his friends, who to serve him are keen,
Wi' heavy taxations they keep us ay mean:
But some time or other we'll finish our scheme,
And bring oursels peace and the king back again.

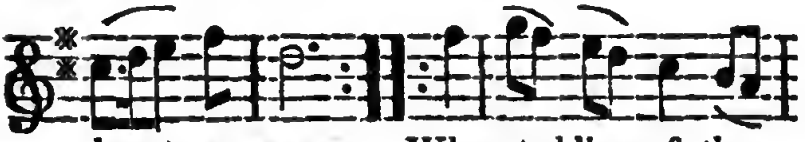
I had seven sons wha for Jamie drew sword,
But now I greet o'er their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,
Sin' Jamie and peace they are baith o' them gane.
Now grief is a burden that bows me sair down,
Sin' I lost my children, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.



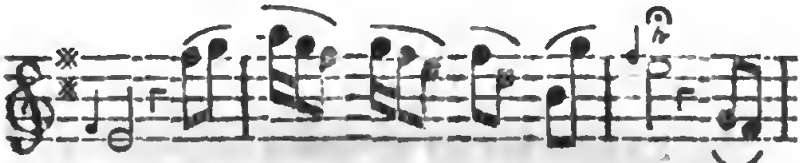


spite of all my skill, Hath stole my

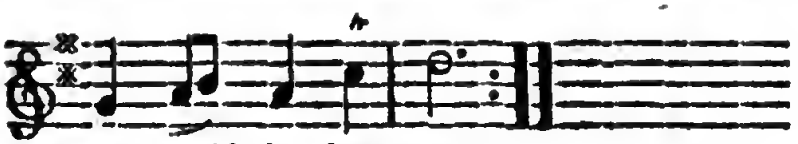


heart a-way. When tedding of the

hay, Bare - - head - - ed on the



green, Love 'midst her locks did play, And



wan-ton'd in her een.

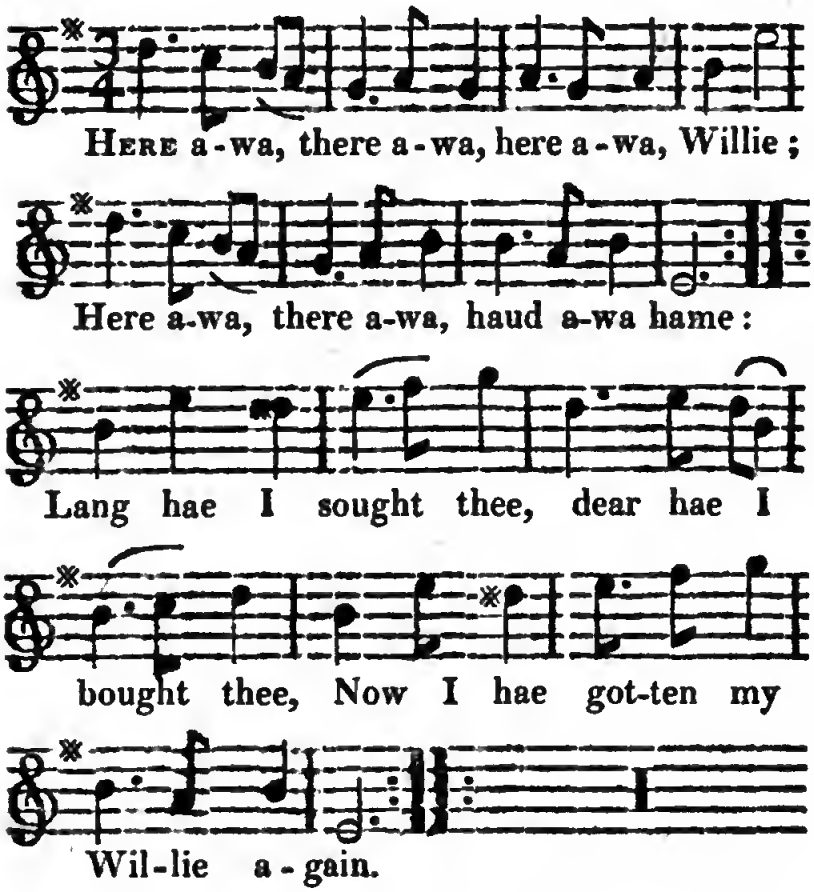
Her arms white, round, and smooth;
Breasts in their rising dawn;
To Age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.

Through all my spirits ran
  An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
  Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
  Like flowers which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
  Whene'er she spoke or smil'd;
Her looks they were so mild,
  Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
  I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth
  Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
  And pleasure at my will;
I promise, and fulfil,
  That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
  Should share the same with me.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.



Through the lang muir I hae follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I hae follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame:
Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me;
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And gin ye meet my love, dinna think shame:
Gin ye meet my love, kiss her and clap her,
And shew her the way to haud awa hame.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee:
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

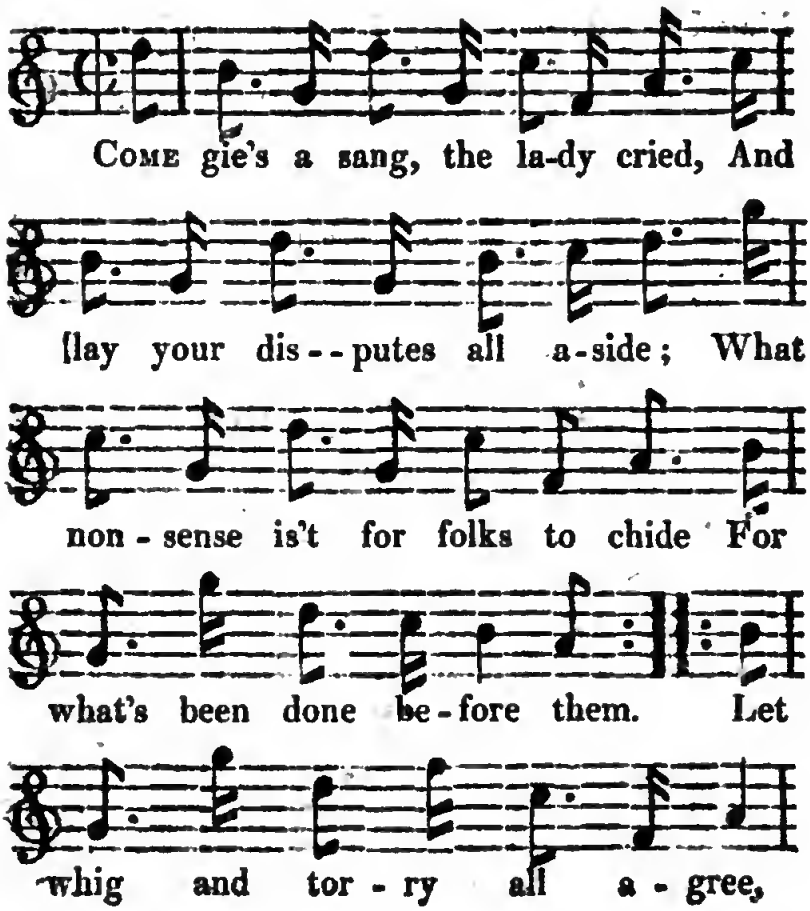
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, ah! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

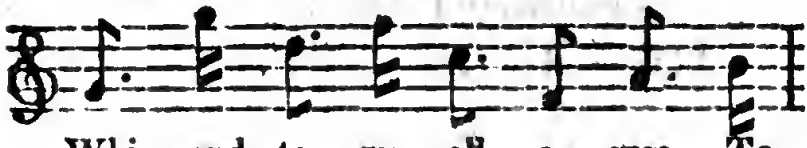
R

TULLOCHGORUM.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddle sticks;
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum:
Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
Gie's *Tullochgorum*.—FERGUSSON.

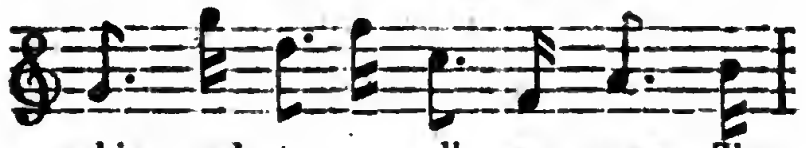


Whig and to - ry, Whig and to - ry,

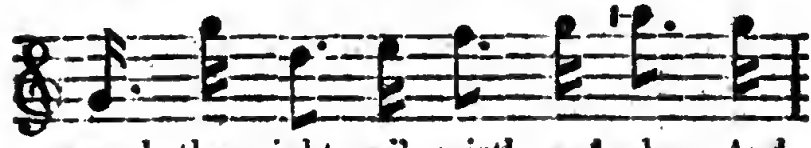


Whig and to - ry all a - gree To

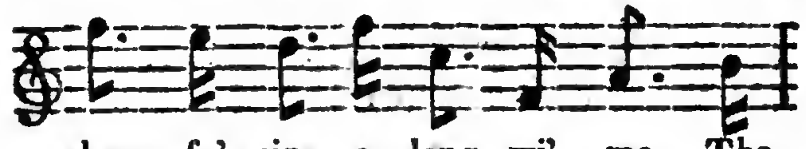
drop their whig - meg - mo - rum. Let



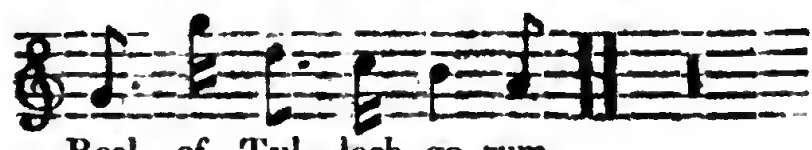
whig and to - ry all a - - gree To



spend the night wi' mirth and glee, And



cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me The



Reel of Tul - loch - go - rum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To make a cheerfu' quorum;
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase
Wi' bringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For hauf a hunder score o'm.
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Dowff and dowie,
Dowff and dowie,
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum:

They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
  Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

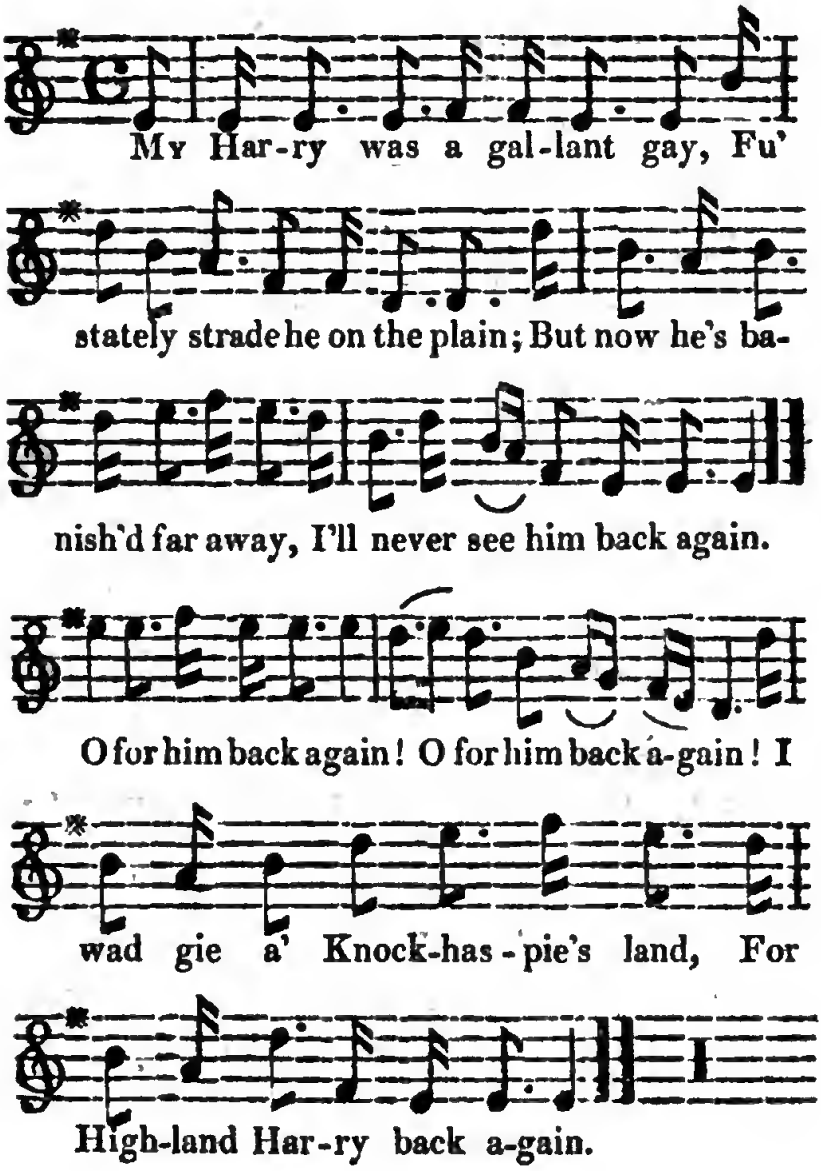
Let wardly minds themselves oppress,
Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,
And silly sauls themselves distress,
  Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and silky sit,
    Sour and silky,
    Sour and silky,
Shall we sae sour and silky sit,
  Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and silky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
  To the Reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  Be a' that's gude before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o'm:
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him!
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him:
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow,
Dole and sorrow,
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

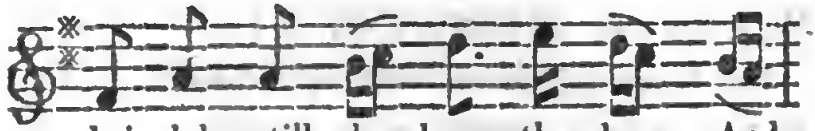
HIGHLAND HARRY.



When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

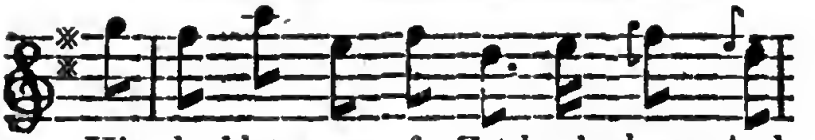
O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain;
Then might I see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

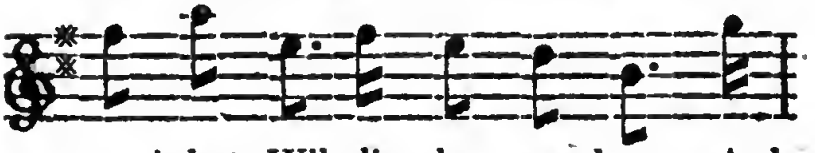


bri - dals still he bore the brag, And

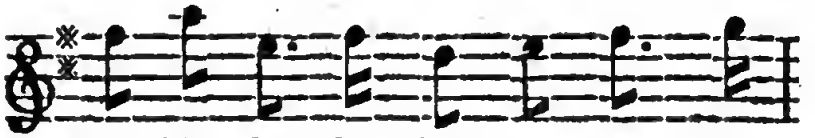
car - ried ay the gree a - wa.



His doublet was of Zet-land shag, And



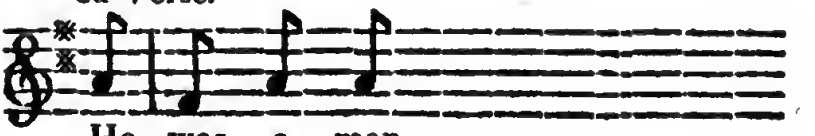
vow! but Wil - lie he was braw; And



at his shou-ther hang a tag, That

pleas'd the lass - es best of a'.

2d Verse.



He was a man

He was a man without a clag,
  His heart was frank, without a flaw:
And ay whatever Willy said,
  It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made o' the jag,
  When he gaed to the weapon-shaw;
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
  The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd,
  He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
  He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merr'ly round the ring they row'd,
  When by the hand he led them a';
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
  By virtue o' a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
  As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
  The bridegroom spier'd whare he had been.

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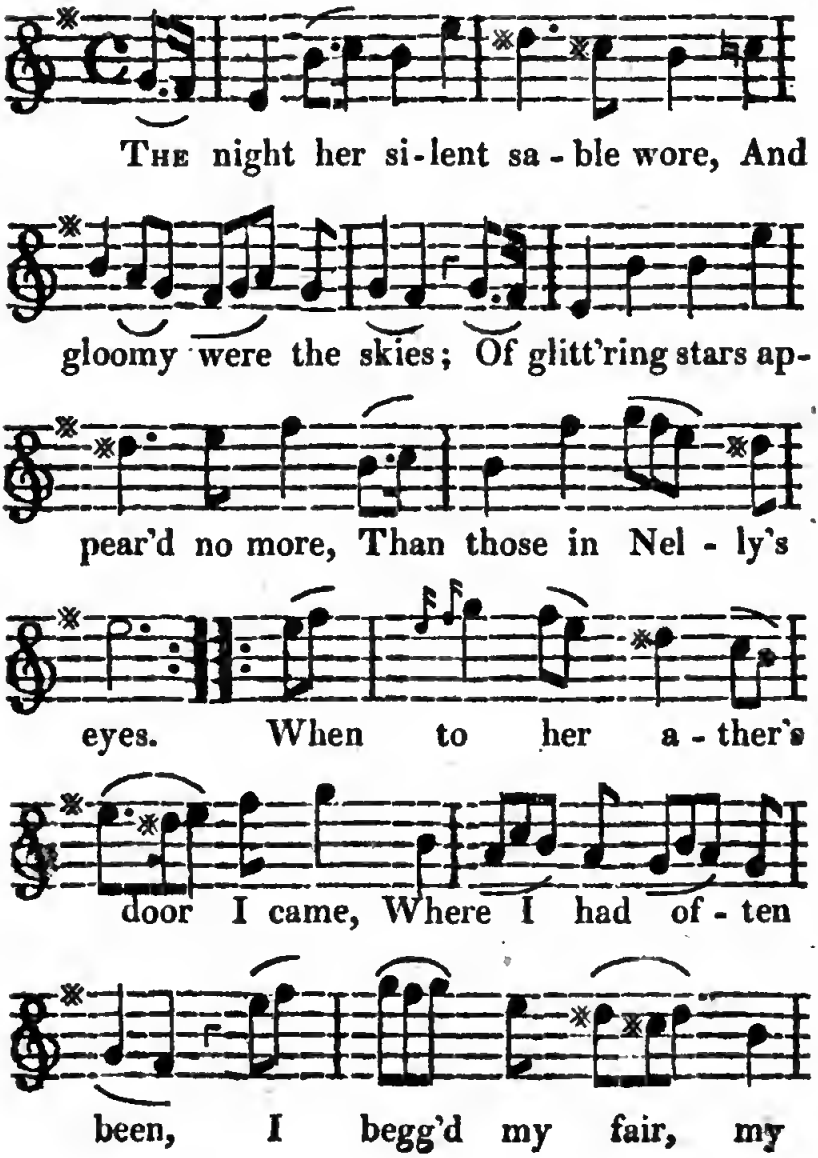
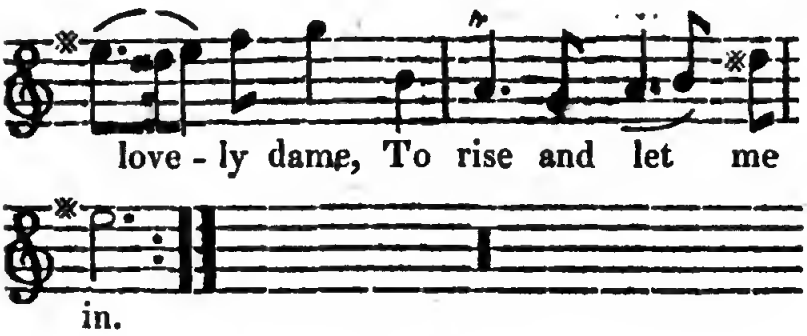
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
  Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair:
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
  For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
  And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his souple snout,
  He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
  Says, well's me on your bonny face;
Wi' bobbing, Willy's shanks are sair,
  And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll stick the dance,
  And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willy, ye advance;
  (O! Willy has a wanton wag:)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
  And foremost ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
  If we want Willy's wanton fling.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.





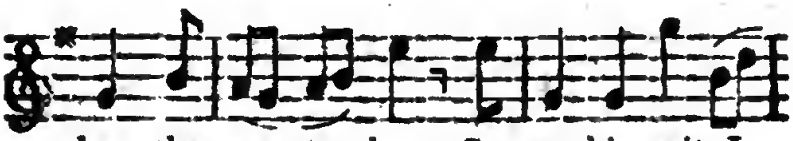
But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove,
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll;
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
  Transporting is my joy;
No greater blessing can I prove,
  So blest a man am I:
For beauty may a while retain
  The conquer'd fluttering heart,
But virtue only is the chain,
  Holds, never to depart.

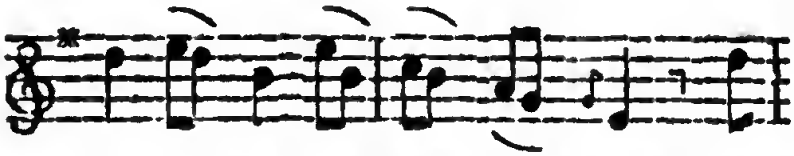
KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

Robin is my on - ly jo, For Ro-bin

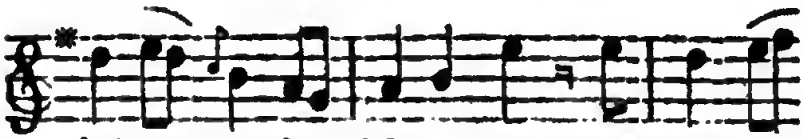


has the art to loe; Sae to his suit I

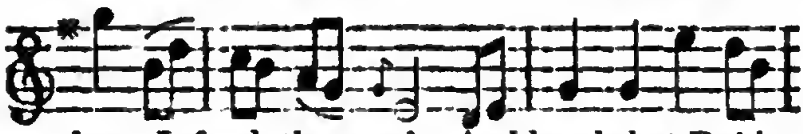
mean to bow, Be-cause I ken he loes me.



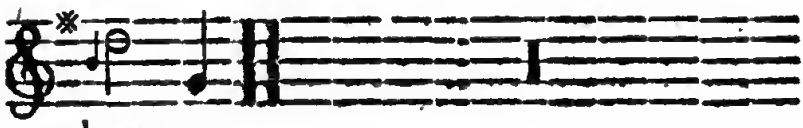
Hap-py, hap-py was the shower, That



led me to the birken bow'r, Where first of



love I fand the pow'r, And kend that Robin



loes me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
Speak of gloves and kissing-strings,
And name a thousand bonny things,
  And ca' them signs he lo'es me:
But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,
Seated on a velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
  Because I ken he loes me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
Loe'd by a', and dear to me,
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
  Because my Robin lo'es me.
My titty Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I ere lang be made to see,
  That Robin did nae lo'e me.

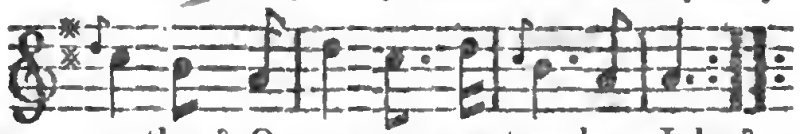
But little kens she what has been,
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O sae keen
  Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When 'join your hands,' Mess John shall say,
  And him be mine that lo'es me.

Till then let ev'ry chance unite,
To weigh our love and fix delight,
And I'll look on a' such wi' spite,
  Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.

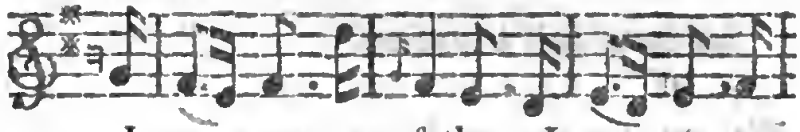
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.

SAW YE MY FATHER.

O saw ye my fa-ther? or saw ye my



mother? Or saw ye my true-love John?



I saw na your father, I saw na your

mother, But I saw your true-love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dang;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere lang.

S

'The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' often he sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin:
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
Then opened and let him in.

And are ye come at last? and do I hold ye fast?
And is my Johnny true?
I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,
Sae lang shall I lo'e you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd fause, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon:
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

FAIR JENNY.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At ev'ning the wild woods among?

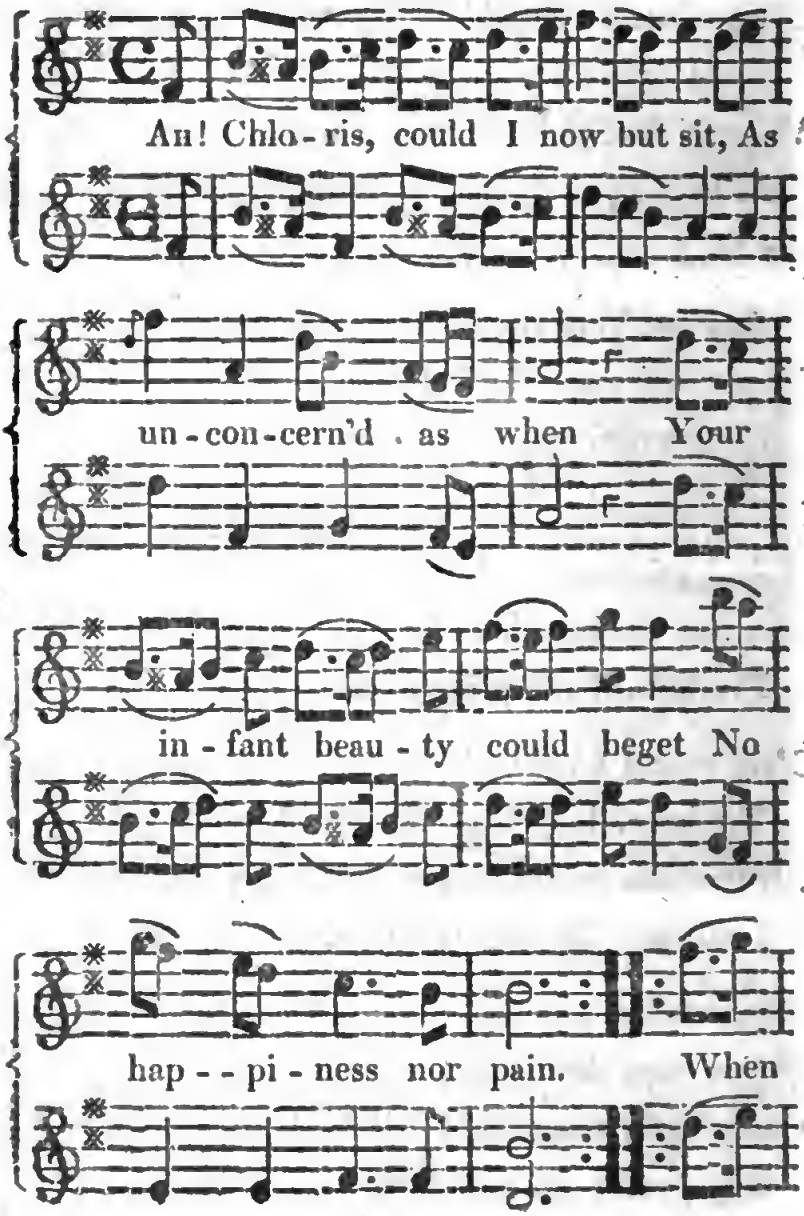
No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

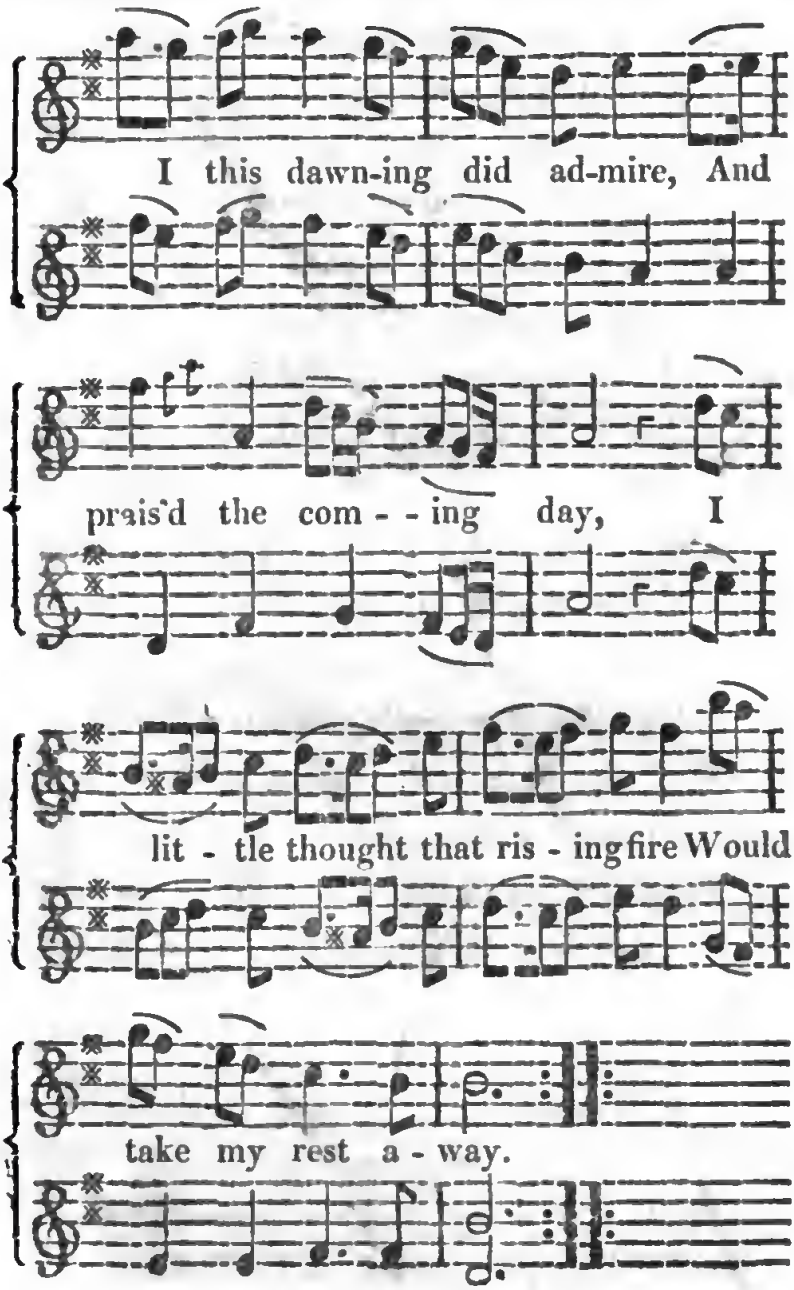
Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

AH! CHLORIS, COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

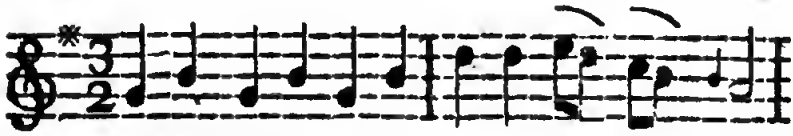



I this dawn-ing did ad-mire, And
prais'd the com - - ing day, I
lit - tle thought that ris - ing fire Would
take my rest a - way.

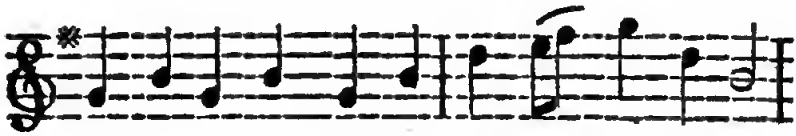
Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

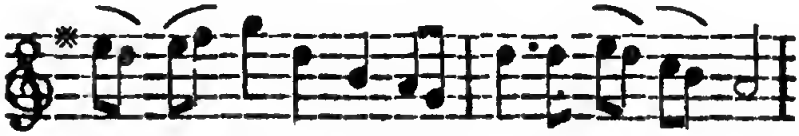
JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.



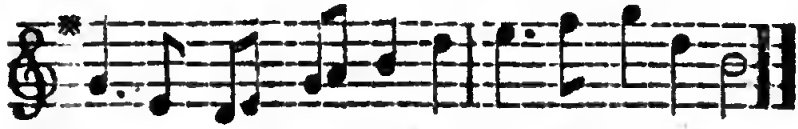
Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,



Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher gude,



For my tocher gude, I win-na mar-ry thee;



E'en's-ye-like, quo' Jockey, I can let ye be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land aneugh,
I hae sax gude owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkin o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byer;
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;
We'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel';
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

FINIS.

Oliver & Boyd, Printers, Edinburgh.

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